

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

For the Constellation.

MR. EDITOR.—The following, if not for its merit, may perhaps obtain a place in your agreeable paper with a view of affording some one an opportunity of exercising their cackinatory muscles at a most delightful dilemma.

A POET IN TROUBLE.

Once on a time
A comical and odd genius
Took it into his head to—rhyme—
And, in good time,
A seat he took with slippers on his feet,
And also clothes besides,—just where they should be,
Not quite thrown off—for that were indiscreet—
But fitting well as any others would be
If rightly made.
Once much skill'd in the rhyming trade,
He patiently waited,
Till the old jade,
His jaded muse should not be quite check-mated—
To use a chess-board phrase—
And soaring o'er the clouds,
(The fog clouds of his brain)
The world, beside himself, amazed
With wondrous mysteries—which fate enshrouds
From human sight,—like rain,
Pour down the flood of his high inspiration
Till Earth should echo to the skies again,
So universal the great acclamation!

Unseen, I watch'd him as he sat—
And oft
He rais'd his hand, unconscious, to his head,—
But not quite satisfied with that,
He drew it back,—
And then aloft
His eyes strain'd, gleaming like hot lead,
Or like those of a terrified cat;
Now glad'd they, as if on the rack,
And his mind struggled with some mammoth thought,
Too big to be deliver'd: Oh alack!
How hard he labour'd—how he strove
That some of his ideas might be caught
Within his pen,
And, quick as flight of dove,
Be thence on paper safe transferr'd.
Alas! what disappointment show'd he then,
That he should sit
Chasing his thoughts, which, like a wisp,
Slip from his grasp, and still before him flit,
Tempting him on—and on—and on again,
Nor would allow one word
(The like who ever heard!)
To be shap'd into verse—nor even lisp
A syllable to form his strain.

Lord how he flutter'd—
I thought he would go crazy!
"What!" he exclaimed, just as he utter'd
An indistinct low curse,
Against his scone, so dull and lazy—
"What, my old muse—What, worse and worse—
You make me quite splenic—
Is it come to this?
O great Apollo,
(Entreatingly he cried, now grown pathetic)
Come! wrap my soul in bliss,
And sure some verse will follow?"
He paus'd.—Again he said—
"Alas! my lady's dead!"
(His muse!) I heard, and—as he wept,
Laughing from out his presence gladly crept.

COMICS.

For the Constellation.

THE YOUNG GIRL WITH GREY HAIR.

[Translated from the French.]

I saw her about a fortnight ago, at the theatre, after an absence of three years. Every body looked at her; I dared not. An inexpressible painful emotion filled my soul. I averted my eyes from her; shuddered—wept.

"Poor Henrietta," cried I.

A person near me, pulled me by the sleeve and said: "Is it not strange, Sir, that so young a girl should have grey hair?"

"She has fine black eyes," said another, "What a pity!"

"Oh!" interposed a young dandy, "if any one of the romantic school were here, the sight of such a pretty monster would inspire him with a delightful ballad."

Had I had a dagger, I would have stabbed that man!

I made an attempt to fly, but an irresistible force made me powerless upon my seat. Struggling against my grief my head came in violent contact with my neighbor's cane. The stupid crowd laughed!

The curtain at length rose. Who can tell what passed on the stage. I know not; but a gentleman behind me observed it was the liveliest farce he had ever seen. Sighs in the meantime were almost suffocating me.

During the interlude they began to talk about the young girl with the grey hair.

"I'll wager," said one, "she met the devil face to face one evening in a wood."

"Not all Sir; the devil has nothing to do with the matter; I am a physician and will explain to you how certain kinds of hair"—

"Ah! you will explain it scientifically," interrupted a third, "My dear Sir 'tis useless trouble. It is impossible a young girl's hair can turn grey without some extraordinary cause. The interesting victim must have experienced some violent shock!"

"Her husband was killed in her arms during the three days."

"Very possibly," muttered a man who had been a gendarme.

"Or whilst playing with her child in a window, it suddenly jumped from her arms, and falling from the fourth story was dashed to pieces upon the pavement."

"Pardon me gentlemen, but all your conjectures are destitute of common sense. You may easily see she is not a mother nor even married. 'Tis quite obvious the poor creature is not more than sixteen."

"Eighteen, Sir."

"Do you know her?" asked the man.

I relapsed into silence, and he continued. "It is clear to whomsoever has studied the physiology of the passions, that the change in the young lady's hair is owing to some violent disappointment in love."

I turned suddenly round to him who was speaking, and grasping his hands convulsively in mine I exclaimed: "Ah! Sir, I am a most detestable villain!"

I know not what effect this exclamation, which the remembrance of my crime had extorted from me, would have produced; but the orchestra burst forth, and the curtain rose.

Until the end of the play I could not help reflecting on the past and recalling to my recollection Henrietta,—Henrietta, so young, so beautiful, so cruelly deserted; Henrietta my first love whom I found after absence of three years with the hairs of old age!

And I tore my breast with my nails!

I was leaving the theatre: it appears the play was over. One of my friends approached, and taking me gaily by the arm, without noticing my paleness: "I have just seen Henrietta," said he.

"What!" exclaimed I, "have you too seen her?"

"Certainly, but how altered she is."

"Oh! horribly," cried I.

"Do you know how it happened?"

"Not a word on the subject, I am a monster."

"What!" said he laughing, "are you the robber?"

"What robber?" asked I.

"The quack?"

"I don't understand you."

He then told me, that Henrietta passing about a month ago through Bourges, had purchased from a quack a powder to dye her brown hair black; and that was why it had become grey.

UNCLE NAT.

"A Yankee's a Yankee, find him where you will—Try him as you may, he'll prove a Yankee still."

Not long since there lived somewhere in New England an old fellow, whose fame has extended many miles from the little spot which he called home, known by the name of Uncle Nat; and he belonged to that class of men, who, instead of eating that they may live, rather live that they may eat. That he had been no pretender in this business, would clearly and unequivocally appear, by a simple glance at his latitudinal and longitudinal dimensions.

He was a hero of a pot of beans, and place him in the region of eatables, and no landlady would have occasion to complain of incivility on his part, for on such occasions he never failed to pay her a highly flattering compliment—a compliment that could by no means be mistaken. Uncle Nat never was guilty of leaving one dish to tell the fate of the others, and those who came at the eleventh hour usually found a strong argument for fasting.

Now our hero from his youth up, indulged a propensity to see the West, but it was not till grey hairs had made their appearance, that he resolved to make a tour of the Western and Southern States, and he was urged to this conclusion, by the firm conviction that he could not die in peace and quiet until his vision had been blessed with an actual view of those scenes, which he had so often heard described. Not many years ago, Uncle Nat, feeling that the time had now come, on a fine May morning, placed his saddle bags upon an old nag, selected Hugs, then mounted himself and summoning his only companion, a favorite dog, Squire Rouse, by a signal to the said Rouse well known, away he went, bidding an affectionate adieu to various old dames, whose skill in cooking he had not unfrequently had occasion to commend, and doffing his broad rimmed hat in civility to every old maid, with whom, in days of yore, he had enjoyed many an innocent frolic.

After having pursued his journey for many days over hill and dale, he at length found himself beyond the limits of New England, in the famous state of New York. It was towards the close of a beautiful day that he urged his old nag, by a few striking appeals from the whip, into the little village of —, where to his great satisfaction, he saw a large collection of people—for Uncle Nat always supposed that there was sport in progress, where he beheld a busy, moving crowd. As he approached, the characters of the individuals who composed it, were to our hero well known, as the language of jockeys, its dialects and idioms was perfectly familiar to his ear. Into this group, sans ceremony, Uncle Nat entered, with an open hearted "How do ye do!" to all, and a stranger would have supposed that he was one of their own number, late in his arrival. It was a grand fair for running, trotting and trading horses! Here Uncle Nat felt himself at home, and was a stranger alike to embarrassment and jockeys. It having been whispered among the group, that he was a Yankee, their cunning grimaces indicated that the tricks which his predecessors had practised were now, if possible, to be severely visited upon this inoffensive new comer.

Uncle Nat appeared to be a good-natured, credulous old fellow, easy to be imposed upon, which not a little sharpened the zeal and earnestness of the Dutchmen, who now needed nothing, by way of stimulus, already rejoicing at the anticipated dismay of the Yankee, when he should find himself duped. Squire Rouse in the mean time secured to be in an element to which he had been accustomed, and to have forgotten that he had endured the fatigue of a long journey.

"Is your horse a trotter?" asked one. "Why," replied Nat, "as for the matter of that, I guess the crittur will jog along some!"

"Will you plank a ten dollar, and trot a mile?" continued the stranger.

This was a hard question for Uncle Nat to answer—he did not fear that Hugs would be distanced, but the journey which had been already long, was not half performed. After having carried the matter to the tribunal of his better judgment, he was about to refuse, when a second came up from the group, which had been holding a private consultation—

"I say, Jo," said he, "you don't want to trot your Ranger with that old shabby bundle of skin and bones?—it would be an everlasting disgrace to him."

Jo hesitated a moment, and gave a kind of half suppressed mutter, when the other resumed—

"Why, I can run faster myself than that old nag can trot!"

"I'll plank a hundred on that!"—interrupted Uncle Nat, whose ire had been somewhat kindled at the outrageous abuse which had thus been heaped upon old Hugs—

"Tis done," said the stranger, "but pause. I'll bet a hundred, that I can jump up behind your back three times, before you shall have gone twenty rods!"

Uncle Nat could stand it no longer—the old purse was drawn out and the cash produced. He proposed to deposit the cash in the hands of a stranger, who at that moment arrived, after the conditions of the bet should be fairly stated and well understood, to which the other consented. The stranger was requested, and, after some urging, agreed to comply with their wishes.

"Now," said Uncle Nat, "he puts down one hundred, that he can jump up behind my back three times, before I can trot my horse the distance of twenty rods—if he does, you are to deliver the two hundred to him; if he does not, then I am to have the same."

"Is this statement correct?" said the stranger. Both said *aye*. The jockeys could hardly refrain from laughing as they looked upon the clever old Yankee, who did not suspect any play upon words!—"Poor old soul," said they, "he'll be led for a hundred!"

"Perhaps I may," said Nat, happening to overhear, "and perhaps I may not—various opinions on that point." Old Hugs was now mounted and aroused from his stupor, by the application of Uncle Nat's huge heels to his *rib visible sides*. "Now," said he, "I must get Hugs warm, and will ride him up yonder, I guess—so away went the trio, Uncle Nat, Hugs and Squire Rouse, to the great merriment of the associated jockey club, who were now congratulating themselves that Dutchmen were no more to be duped by Yankees; and it would have done one's heart good, to have witnessed their joy, when Uncle Nat returned with Squire Rouse at his side. Up he came, and appeared a little dejected as he began—"Any how, you, old Hugs, is rather stiff, and I'm afraid he won't do as he has—howsoever I'll try—but see here, Mr. better, you must agree that you won't hurt me."

"O yes. I'll not hurt you a hair!"—"That's right," interrupted Uncle Nat, "and you'll agree not to jump ahead of my saddle!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the other, who imagined that Uncle Nat would like to retreat—"If I jump or go farther forward than the hind part of the saddle, then it is no bet."

"This is your agreement, is it?" inquired the stake holder—as before, they answered *aye*. Whereupon Uncle Nat insisted that a fleet horse and an expert rider should accompany them, in order that no difficulty might arise on this point; and to gratify his notion, as they called it, this was agreed to, and while these were being provided, Uncle Nat dismounted. The twenty rods were now measured and the last scene of the drama was drawing to a close. "Wake up—wake up," shouted Uncle Nat, as he was applying his whip to Hugs's legs, "a hundred's to be lost or won!" Uncle Nat now mounted, to the surprise of all, and to the great dismay of the Dutchman better, with his back towards Hugs's head, and when the signal was given, away he went, yet slowly, exclaiming, *three times—remember!* with Squire Rouse at his side. Here was a sad change in the Dutchman's prospects—instead of jumping up three times, after the Yankee had started, as he expected, being all the while behind his back, he stood still, and was dejected with a grief—purchased at the expense of a hundred dollars! After having trotted his twenty rods, and having performed a grand right-about, he returned at a rate which enfolded the already astonished Dutchmen, and approaching the stranger—"I'll take that money now, I guess," said he, and the money was delivered without a murmur on the part of the lately elated jockey. "Come in, my boys," said Uncle Nat, "come in, we'll have some supper now—by golly, I'll pay for't—come along, I say—My name's old Uncle Nat, the Yankee!"

In the history of our hero there are many rare specimens of a true Yankee—but he is now no more! We copy from a letter, which we have just received, our intelligence in regard to his unhappy fate—

"No news for you—not a bit—save that they have just found old Uncle Nat, who disappeared sometime last winter. He was seen floating in—pond, frozen up in a huge cake of ice, as stiff as a poker—some say with his whip in his hand. Thus has ended the temporal history of the master of 'Squire Rouse.'—*Lansingburgh Gaz.*

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

A continuation of this journal is supplied by the last arrival: we make some selections.

IMPRESSIONS.

Our first extract describes an event of this kind. Mr. Cringle had gone ashore at Cork, after the return of the vessel from Hamburg, in company with Lieut. Treenail. He proceeds:—

"I soon found out that the object of my superior officer was to gain information amongst the crimp shops, where ten men who had run from one of the West Indianmen, waiting at Cove for conveyance, were stowed away, but I was not let farther into the secret; so I set out to pay my visit, and after passing a pleasant evening with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Job Cringle, the Lieutenant dropped in upon us about nine o'clock. He was heartily welcomed, and under the plea of our being obliged to return to the ship early next morning, we soon took leave and returned to the Inn. As I was turning into the public room, the door was open. I could see it full of blowsy-faced monsters, glimmering and abbering, through the mist of hot brandy, grog, and gin twist; with poodle Benjamins, and great coats, and cloaks of all sorts and sizes, steaming on their paws, with baronies and comfitters, and damp travelling caps of seal skin, and blue cloth, and tartan, arranged above the same. Nevertheless, such a society in my juvenile estimation, during my short escapade from the middle's berth, had its charms, and I was rolling in with a tolerable swagger, when Mr. Treenail pinched my arm.

"Mr. Cringle, come here, into my room." From the way that he spoke, I imagined, in my innocence, that his room was at my elbow; but no such thing—we had to ascend a long, and not over-clean staircase, to the fourth floor, before we were shown into a miserable little double-bedded room.—So soon as we had entered, the Lieutenant shut the door.

"Tom," said he, "I have taken a fancy to you, and therefore I applied for leave to bring you with me; but I must expose you to some danger, and, I will allow, not altogether in a very creditable way either. You must enact the spy for a short space." I did not like the notion, certainly, but I had little time for consideration.

"Here," he continued—"here is a bundle." He threw it on the floor. "You must rig in the clothes it contains, and make your way into the celebrated crimp shop in the neighbourhood, and pick up all the information you can regarding the haunts of the pressable men at Cove, especially with regard to the ten seamen, who have run from the West Indianman we left below. You know the Admiral has forbidden pressing in Cork, so you must contrive to frighten the blue jackets down to Cove, by representing yourself as an apprentice of one of the merchant vessels, who had run away from his indentures, and that you had narrowly escaped from a press-gang this very night here."

I made no scruples, but forthwith arrayed myself in the slops contained in the bundle; in a second-hand pair of shag trowsers. "Tom," said Aaron, "that was very abominable." Red flannel shirt, coarse blue cloth jacket, and no waistcoat.

"Now," said Mr. Treenail, "stick a quid of tobacco into your cheek, and take the cockade out of your hat; or stop, leave it, and ship this striped woolen night cap so, and come along with me."

We left the house, and walked half a mile down what we call a Key, but an Irishman a Kuy, and with some show of reason, when we both spell it Quay. Bah! quoth Bang—"trash."

Presently we arrived before a kind of low grog-shop—a bright lamp was glaring in the breeze at the door, one of the panes of the glass of it being broken.

Before I entered, Mr. Treenail took me to one side. "Tom, Tom Cringle, you must go into this crimp shop, pass yourself off for an apprentice of the Guava, bound for Trinidad, and pick up all the knowledge you can regarding the whereabouts of the men, for we are, as you know, cruelly ill-manned, and must replenish as we best may." I entered the house, after having agreed to rejoin my superior officer, so soon as I considered I had attained my object. I rapped at the inner door, in which there was a small maglazed aperture cut, about four inches square; and I now, for the first time, perceived that a strong glare of light was cast into the lobby, by a large argand with a brilliant reflector, that like a magazine lantern had been noticed in the bulkhead, at a height of about two feet above the door in which the spy-hole was cut. My first signal was not attended to; I rapped again, and looking round I noticed Mr. Treenail sitting backwards and forwards across the doorway, in the rain, with his pale face and his sharp nose, with the sparkling drop at the end of it, glancing in the light of the lamp. I heard a step within, and a very pretty face now appeared at the wicket.

"Who are ye asking here, and please ye?" "No one in particular, my dear, but if you don't let me in, I shall be lodged in jail before five minutes is over."

"I can't help that, young man," said she; "but where are ye from, darling?"

"Hush!—I am run from the Guava, now lying at the Cove."

"Oh," said my beauty, "come in;" and she opened the door, but still kept it on the chain in such a way, that although by bobbing, I crept and slid in beneath it, yet a common sized man could not possibly have squeezed himself through. The instant I entered, the door was once more banged to, and the next moment I was ushered into the kitchen, a room about fourteen

feet square, with a well-sanded floor, a huge dresser on one side, and ever against it a respectable shew of pewter dishes in racks against the wall. There was a long stripe of a deal table in the middle of the room—but no table cloth—at the bottom of which sat a large, bloated, brandy, or rather whiskey-faced savage, dressed in a shabby great coat of the hoddin grey worn by the Irish peasantry, dirty swandown vest, and greasy corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, and well-patched shoes; he was smoking a long pipe. Around the table sat a dozen seamen, from whose wet jackets and trousers the heat of the blazing fire, that roared up the chimney, sent up a smoky steam that cast a halo round the lamp, which stank abominably of coarse whale oil, and depending from the roof, hung down within two feet of the table. They were, generally speaking, hard weather-beaten looking men, and the greater proportion half, or more than half drunk. When I entered, I walked up to the landlord.

"Yo ho, my young un, whence and whither bound, my hearty?"

"The first don't signify much to you," said I, "seeing I have wherewithal in the locker to pay my shot; and as to the second, of that hereafter; so, old boy, let's have some grog, and then say if you can ship me with one of them colliers that are lying alongside the quay?"

"My eye, what a lot of brass that small chap has!" grumbled mine host. "Why, my lad, we shall see to-morrow morning; but you gammons so bad about the rhino, that we must prove you a bit; so, Kate, my dear—to the pretty girl who had let me in—score a pint of rum against—Why, what is your name?" "What's that to you?" rejoined I, "let's have the drink, and don't doubt but the shiners shall be forthcoming."

"Hurrah!" shouted the party, most of them now very tipsy. So the rum was produced forthwith, and as I lighted a pipe and filled a glass of swizzle, I struck in, "Messmates, I hope you have all shipped?"

"No, we hain't," said some of them.

"Nor shall we be in any hurry, boys," said others.

"Do as you please, but I shall, as soon as I can, I know; and I recommend all of you making yourselves scarce to night, and keeping a bright look-out."

"Why, boy, why?"

"Simply because I have just escaped a press-gang, by bracing sharp up at the corner of the street, and shoving into this dark alley here."

This called forth another volley of oaths and unavailing exclamations, and all was bustle and confusion, and packing up of bundles, and settling of reckonings.

"Where," said one of the seamen, "where do you go to my lad?"

"Why, if I can't get shipped to-night, I shall trundle down to Cove immediately, so as to cross at Passage before daylight, and take my chance of shipping with some of the outward bound that are to sail, if the wind holds, the day after to-morrow. There is to be no pressing when blue Peter flies at the fore—and that was hoisted this afternoon, I know, and the foretopsail will be loose to-morrow."

"—my wig, but the small chap is right," roared one.

"I've a bloody great mind to go down with him," muttered another, after several unavailing attempts to weigh from the bench, where he had brought himself to anchor.

"Hurrah!" yelled a third, as he hugged me, and nearly suffocated me with his maudling caresses, "I trundles wid you too, my darling, by the piper."

"Have with you, boy—have with you," shouted half a dozen other voices, while each stuck his oaken twig through the handkerchief that held his bundle, and shouldered it, clapping his straw or tarpaulin hat, with a slap on the crown, on one side of his head, and staggering and swaying about under the influence of the pooten, and slapping his thigh, as he bent double, laughing like to split himself, till the water ran over his cheeks from his drunken half-shut eyes, and while jets of tobacco juice were squirting in all directions.

I paid the reckoning, urging the party to proceed all the while, and indicating Pat Doolan's at the Cove as a good rendezvous; and promising to overtake them before they reached Passage, I parted company at the corner of the street, and rejoined the lieutenant.

"Mr. Cringle, you are wanted in the gun-room."

I put on my jacket again, and immediately proceeded thither, and on my way I noticed a group of seamen, standing on the starboard gangway, dressed in pea jackets, under which, by the light of a lantern, carried by one of them, I could see they were all armed with pistol and cutlass. They appeared in great glee, and as they made way for me, I could hear one fellow whisper, "There goes the little beagle." I could hear Mr. Treenail rumbling and stumbling in his State-room, as he accoutred himself in a jacket similar to those of the armed boat's crew whom I had passed, and presently he stepped into the gun-room, armed also with cutlass and pistol.

"Mr. Cringle, get ready to go in the boat with me, and bring your arms with you."

I now knew whereabouts he was, and that my Cork friends were the quarry at which we aimed. I did as I was ordered, and we immediately pulled on shore, where, leaving two strong fellows in charge of the boat, with instructions to fire their pistols and shove off a couple of boat-lengths, should any suspicious circumstance, indicating an attack, take place, we separated, like a pulk of Cossacks coming to the charge, but without the *hourah*, with orders to meet before Pat Doolan's door, as speedily as our legs could carry us. We had landed about a cable's length to the right of the high precipitous bank—up which we

stole in straggling parties—on which that abominable congregation of the most filthy huts ever pig grunted in, is situated, called the Holy Ground. Pat Doolan's domicile was in a little dirty lane, about the middle of the village. Presently ten strapping fellows, including the lieutenant, were before the door, each man with his stretcher in his hand. It was a very tempestuous, although moonlight night, occasionally clear, with the moonbeams at one moment sparkling brightly in the small ripples on the filthy puddles before the door, and on the gem-like water-drops that hung from the eaves of the thatched roof, and lighting up the dark statue-like figures of the men, and casting their long shadows strongly against the mud wall of the house; at another, a black cloud, as it flew across her disk, cast every thing into deep shade, while the only noise we heard was the hoarse dashing of the distant surf, rising and falling on the fitful gusts of the breeze. We tried the door. It was fast.

"Surround the house, men," said the lieutenant, in a whisper. He rapped loudly. "Pat Doolan, my man, open your door, will ye?" No answer. "If you don't, we shall make free to break it open, Patrick, dear."

All this while the light of a fire, or of candles, streamed through the joints of the door. The threat at length appeared to have the desired effect. A poor decrepit old man undid the bolt and let us in. "Ohon a ree! ohon a ree! What make you all this boder for? Come you to help us to wake poor old Kate there, and bring you the whisky wid you?"

"Old man, where is Pat Doolan, said the lieutenant. "Gone to borrow whisky, to wake old Kate, there. The howling will begin whenever Mother Doncanon and Mistress Conolly come over from Middleton, and I look for dem every minute."

There was no vestige of any living thing in the miserable hovel, except the old fellow. On two low trestles, in the middle of the floor, lay a coffin with the lid on, on the top of which was stretched the dead body of an old emaciated woman in her grave-clothes, the quality of which was much finer than one could have expected to have seen in the midst of the surrounding squalidness. The face of the corpse was uncovered, the hands were crossed on the breast, and there was a plate of salt on the stomach.

An iron cresset, charged with coarse rancid oil, hung from the roof, the dull smoky red light flickering on the dead corpse, as the breeze streamed in through the door and numberless chinks in the walls, making the cold, rigid, sharp features appear to move, and glimmer, and gibber as it were, from the changing shades. Close to the head, there was a small door opening into an apartment of some kind, but the coffin was placed so near it, that one could not pass between the body and the door.

"My good man," said Treenail, to the solitary mourner, "I must beg leave to remove the body a bit, and have the goodness to open that door."

"Doer, yere honour! It's no door o' mine—and it's not opening that same, that ould Phil Carrol shall busy himself wid."

"Transom," said Mr. Treenail, quick and sharp, "remove the body." It was done.

"Cruel heavy the old dame is, sir, for all her wasted appearance," said one of the men.

The lieutenant now ranged the press-gang against the wall fronting the door, and stepping into the middle of the room, drew his pistol and cocked it. "Messmates," he sung out, as if addressing the skulkers in the other room, "I know you are here—the house is surrounded—and unless you open that door now, by the powers, but I'll fire slap into you." There was a bustle, and a rumbling tumbling noise within. "My lads, we are now sure of our game," sung out Treenail, with great animation. "Sling that clumsy bench there." He pointed to an oaken form about eight feet long, and nearly three inches thick. To produce a two-inch rope, and junk it into three lengths, and rig the battering-ram, was the work of an instant. "One, two, three,"—and bang the door flew open, and there were our men stowed away, each sitting on the top of his bag, as snug as could be, although looking very much like condemned thieves. We bound eight of them, and thrusting a stretcher across their backs, under their arms, and lashing the fins to the same by good stout lanyards, we were proceeding to stomp our prisoners off to the boat, when, with the innate devilry that I have inherited, I know not how, but the original sin of which has more than once nearly cost me my life, I said, without addressing my superior officer, or any one else, directly,—"I should like now to scale my pistol through that coffin. If I miss, I can't hurt the old woman; and an eyelet hole in the coffin itself will only be an act of civility to the worms."

"I am ashamed of that part of the record, Mr. Bang. Pray draw your pen through it."

"Pen!" said he—"why, I have none at hand, Tom, and, if I had, I would not expunge it. I would leave it in your power to satisfy your conscience, if you can do so, by drawing your pen through it yourself—a bad sentiment, and cruel under the circumstances, Cringle—but, come along."

I looked towards my superior officer, who answered me with a knowing shake of the head. I advanced, while all was silent as death—the sharp click of the pistol-lock now struck acutely on my own ear. I presented, when—crash!—the lid of the coffin, old woman and all, was dashed off in an instant, the corpse flying up in the air, and then falling heavily on the floor, rolline over and over, while a tall handsome fellow, in a striped flannel shirt and blue trowsers, and he sat pouring down over his face in streams, sat up in the shell.

"All right," said Mr. Treenail—"help him out of his berth."

He was pinioned like the rest, and forthwith we walked them all off to the beach. By this time there was an unusual bustle in the Holy Ground, and we could hear many an anathema, curses, not loud but deep, ejaculated from many a half-opened door as we passed along. We reached the boat, and time it was we did so, for a number of stout fellows, who had followed us in a gradually increasing crowd, until they amounted to forty at the fewest, now nearly surrounded us, and kept closing in. As the last of us jumped into the boat, they made a rush, so that if we had not shoved off with the speed of light, I think it very likely that we should have been overpowered. However, we reached the ship in safety, and the day following we weighed, and stood out to sea with our convoy."

PRIVATEERING.

[On her voyage to the West Indies, the *Torch* fell in with a vessel which had been captured by a privateer, and a prize crew left on board. Having retaken the vessel, with the assistance of her own ship's company, Mr. Cringle thus refers to the horrible atrocities of that blot on the code of national law—privateering. It is not always, we believe, to be represented in such dark colours as in this instance; but there can never be any security against like abuses—while there is no one of its features that morals or humanity can approve. We trust the day is not remote that will make it an object of universal condemnation among mankind; and that civilized nations will be ashamed to authorise a kind of warfare little, if at all, better than piracy, and justly, like that crime, punishable by the extirpation of those concerned in it.]

"By this the lieutenant had descended to the cabin followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels were filled with crimson cloth, and gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate glass mirrors in the panels. In the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels: it was open, a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

The rudder case was particularly beautiful; it was a richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white, and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pine-apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper, with cold meat, and wine, and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indianmen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it; next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stertorous breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain.

He was a stout portly man, and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small, but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy-whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still, wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair-lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trowsers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask table-cloth. They were immediately seized, and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But, merciful Heaven! what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, not

dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood on her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long dark hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still been in the hands of those who knew not the name; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the cabin deck, and lay in a dead faint.

Alas the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death.

'Tom,' said Bang, 'that is a melancholy affair, I can't read any more of it. What followed? Tell us.'

'Why the Torch captured the schooner, sir, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes to meet their reward, and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his Majesty as impressed men in the second.'

'Ah,' said Aaron again, 'melancholy indeed, and but scrump measure of justice to the poor ship's crew.'

A DINNER SCENE.

[After their arrival at Jamaica, Lt. Treenail and Mr. C. went to visit the Agent.]

'One of the crew undertook to be the guide to the agent's house. We arrived before it. It was a large mansion, and we could see lights glimmering in the ground floor, but it was gaily lit up aloft. The house itself stood back from the street, from which it was separated by an iron railing.

We knocked at the outer gate, but no one answered. At length our black guides found a bell pull, and presently the clang of a bell resounded throughout the mansion. Still no one answered. I pushed against the door, and found it was open, and Mr. Treenail and myself immediately ascended a flight of six marble steps, and stood in the lower piazza, with the hall, or lower vestibule, before us. We entered. A very well-dressed brown woman, who was sitting at her work at a long table, along with two young girls of the same complexion, instantly rose to receive us.

'Beg pardon,' said Mr. Treenail, 'pray is this Mr. —'s house?'

'Yes, sir, it is.'

'Will you have the goodness to say if he be at home?'

'Oh yes, sir, he is here upon dinner wid company,' said the lady.

'Well,' continued the lieutenant, 'say to him that an officer of his Majesty's sloop Torch, is below, with despatches for the Admiral.'

'Surely, sir—surely,' the dark lady continued—'follow me, sir, and dat small gentleman, [Thomas Cringle, Esquire, no less,] him will better follow me too.'

We left the room, and turning to the right, landed in the lower piazza of the house, fronting the north. A large clumsy stair occupied the easternmost end, with a massive mahogany balustrade, but the whole affair below was very ill lit up. The brown lady preceded us, and planting herself at the bottom of the staircase, began to shout to some one, 'Toby, Toby! buccra gentleman arrive, Toby!'—but no Toby responded to the call.

'My dear Madam,' said Treenail, 'I have little time for ceremony: pray usher us into Mr. —'s presence.'

'Den follow me, gentlemen, please.'

Forthwith we all ascended the dark staircase, until we reached the first landing-place, when we heard a noise as of two negroes wrangling above us on the dark staircase.

'You rascal,' sang out one, 'take dat, larn you, for teat my wittal!'—then a sharp crack, as if he had smote the culprit across the pate; whereupon, like a shot, a black fellow, in a handsome livery, trundled down, pursued by another servant, with a large silver ladle in his hand, with which he was belabouring the fugitive over his flint-hard skull, right against our breast, with the drumstick of a turkey in his hand, or rather in his mouth. 'Top, you tief—top, you tief—for me piece dat,' shouted the pursuer. 'You — rascal,' quoth the dame—but she had no time to utter another word before the fugitive pitched, with all his weight, right against her; and at the very moment another servant came trundling down with a large tray full of all kinds of meats—and I especially remember that two large crystal stands of jellies composed part of his load—so there we were regularly capsize, and caught all of a heap in the dark landing-place, half way up the stairs, and down the other flight tumbled our guide, with Mr. Treenail and myself, and the two blackies, on the top of her, rolling in our descent over, or rather into, another large mahogany tray, which had just been carried out, with a tureen of turtle-soup in it, and a dish of roast beef, and platefuls of land crabs, and Heaven knows what all besides. The crash reached the ear of the landlord, who was seated at the head of his table, in the upper piazza, a long gallery about fifty feet long by fourteen wide, and he immediately rose and ordered his butler to take a light. When he came down to ascertain the cause of the uproar, I shall never forget the scene. There was, first of all, mine host, a remarkably neat personage, standing on the polished mahogany chair, three steps above his servant, who

was a very well-dressed, respectable, elderly negro, with a candle in each hand; and beneath him, on the landing-place, lay two trays of viands, broken tureens of soup, fragments of dishes, fractured glasses, and a chaos of eatables and drinkables, and table-gear scattered all about, amidst which lay scrambling my lieutenant and myself, the old brown housekeeper, and the two negro servants, all more or less covered with gravy and wine dregs. However, after a good laugh, we all gathered ourselves up, and at length we were ushered on the scene. Mine host, after stiding his laughter the best way he could, again sat down at the head of his table, sparkling with crystal and wax-lights, while a superb lamp hung overhead.'

[Subsequently the writer goes into a long caricatured satire against the "Anti-Slavery" party in England, of which a specimen is annexed.]

'Why, I say, Tom,' quoth Aaron, 'I never knew before that you were in Jamaica, at the period you here write of.'

'Why, my dear sir, I scarcely can say that I was there, my visit was so hurried.'

'Hurried!' rejoined he, 'hurried—by no means, were you not in the island for four or five hours? Ah, long enough to have authorized your writing an anti-slavery pamphlet of one hundred and fifty pages.'

I smiled.

'Oh, you may laugh, my boy, but it is true—oh what a subject for an anti-slavery lecture—listen and be instructed. The whole white inhabitants of Kingston are luxurious monsters, living in more than Eastern splendour; and their universal practice, during their magnificent repasts, is to entertain themselves, by compelling their black servants to belabour each other across the pate with silver ladles, and to stick drumsticks of turkeys down each other's throats. Merciful heaven!—only picture the miserable slaves, each with the spaul of a turkey sticking in his gob; dwell upon that, my dearly beloved hearers, dwell upon that—and then let those who have the atrocious hardihood to do so, speak of the kindness of the planters' hearts. Kindness! kindness, to cram the leg of a turkey down a man's thro'—while his yoke-fellow in bondage is fracturing his tender woolly skull—for all negroes, as is well known, have craniums, much thinner, and more fragile than an egg-shell—with so tremendous a weapon as a silver ladle?' &c. &c. q. s.

A WATER SPOUT.

'The next day I had the forenoon watch; the weather had lulled unexpectedly, nor was there much sea, and the deck was all alive, to take advantage of the fine blink, when the man at the mast-head sung out—'Breakers right a-head, sir.'

'Breakers!' said Mr. Splinter, in great astonishment. 'Breakers!—why the man must be mad—I say, Jenkins!'

'Breakers close under the bows,' sung out the boat-swain from forward.

'The devil,' quoth Splinter, and he ran along the gangway, and ascended the fore-castle, while I kept close to his heels. We looked out a head, and there we certainly did see a splashing, and boiling, and white foaming of the ocean, that unquestionably looked very like breakers. Gradually, this splashing and foaming appearance took a circular whirling shape, as if the clear green sea, for a space of a hundred yards in diameter, had been stirred about by a gigantic invisible spurtle, until every thing hissed again; and the curious part of it was, that the agitation of the water seemed to keep a-head of us, as if the breeze which impelled us had also floated it onwards. At length the whirling circle of white foam ascended higher and higher, and then gradually contracted itself into a spinning black tube, which wavered about for all the world like a gigantic *loch-leech*, held by the tail between the finger and thumb, while it was poking its vast snout about in the clouds in search of a spot to fasten on.

'Is the boat gun on the fore-castle loaded?' said Captain Deadeye.

'It is, sir.'

'Then luff a bit—that will do—fire.'

The gun was discharged, and down rushed the black warring pillar in a watery avalanche, and in a minute after the dark heaving billows rolled over the spot whereout it arose, as if no such thing had ever been.

'And what was this said troubling of the waters, Tom?' said Aaron.

'Why, my dear sir, it was neither more nor less than a waterspout, which again is neither more nor less than a whirlwind at sea, which gradually whisks the water round and round, and up and up, as you see straws so raised, until it reaches a certain height, when it invariably breaks.'

'Do you mean to say, Tom, that a waterspout is not created by some next to supernatural exertion of the power of the Deity, in order to suck up water into the clouds, that they, like the wine-skins in Spain, may be filled with rain?'

'My dear sir, rain is not salt, as it must have been if the clouds had been leathern bags, and the water of the sea carried up in waterspouts; rain is the vapours which arise from the earth and sea, which being condensed, dis—'

'Oh, never mind,' said Bang, 'wait till you are made a lecturer in the Mechanics' Institution.'

THE BERMUDAS.

[The Torch had captured an American merchantman, and was bound to Bermuda with her prize in tow.]

It was the middle watch, and I was sound asleep, when I was startled by a violent jerking of my hammock, and a cry 'that the brig was amongst the break-

ers.' I ran on deck in my shirt, where I found all hands, and a scene of confusion as I never had witnessed before. The gale had increased, yet the prize had not been cast off, and the consequence was, that by some mismanagement or carelessness, the swag of the large ship had suddenly hove the head sails of the brig a-back. We accordingly fetched stern way, and ran foul of the prize, and there we were, in a heavy sea, with our stern grinding against the cotton ship's high quarter.

The main boom, by the first rasp that took place after I came on deck, was broken short off, and nearly twelve feet of it hove right in over the taffrail; the vessels then closed, and the next rub ground off the ship's mizen channel as clean as if it had been sawed away. Officers shouting, men swearing, rigging cracking, the vessels crashing and thumping together, I thought we were gone, when the first lieutenant seized his trumpet—'Silence, men, hold your tongues, you cowards, and mind the word of command!'

The effect was magical. 'Brace round the fore-yard—round with it—set the jib—that's it—fore-top-mast stay-sail—haul—never mind, if the gale takes it out of the bolt rope—a thundering flap, and away it flew in truth down to leeward, like a puff of white smoke. 'Never mind, men, the jib stands. Belay all that—down with the helm, how—don't you see she has stern way yet? Zounds! we shall be smashed to atoms if you don't mind your hands, you lubbers—main-top-sail sheets let fly—there she pays off, and has head-way once more—that's it—right your helm now—never mind his sparker-boom, the fore-stay will stand it—there—up with the helm, sir—we have cleared him—hurrah!' And a near thing it was, too, but we soon had every thing snug; and altho' the gale continued without any intermission for ten days, at length we ran in and anchored with our prize in Five Fathom Hole, off the entrance to St. George's Harbour.

It was lucky for us that we got to anchor at the time we did, for that same afternoon, one of the most tremendous gales of wind from the westward came on that I ever saw. Fortunately it was steady and did not veer about, and having good ground-tackle down, we rode it out well enough. The effect was very uncommon; the wind was howling over our mast-heads, and amongst the cedar bushes on the cliffs above, while on deck it was nearly calm, and there was very little swell, being a weather shore; but half a mile out at sea all was white foam, and beyond this the tumbling waves seemed to meet from north and south, leaving a space of smooth water under the lee of the island, shaped like the tail of a comet, tapering away and gradually roughening and becoming more stormy, until out at sea the roaring billows once more owned allegiance to the genius of the storm.

There we rode, with three anchors ahead, in safety through the night, and next day, availing of a temporary lull, we ran up, and anchored off the Tanks.—Three days after this, the American frigate President was brought in by the Endymion, and the rest of the squadron.

I went on board, in common with every officer in the fleet, and certainly I never saw a more superb vessel; her scantling was that of a seventy-four, and she appeared to have been fitted with great care. I got a week's leave at this time, and, as I had letters to several families, I contrived to spend my time pleasantly enough.

Bermuda, as all the world knows, is a cluster of islands in the middle of the Atlantic. There are Heaven knows how many of them, but the beauty of the little straits and creeks which divide them, no man can describe who has not seen them. The town of Saint George's, for instance, looks as if the houses were cut out of chalk; and one evening the family where I was on a visit, Mrs. T—'s, proceeded to the main island, Hamilton, to attend a ball there.

We had to cross three ferries, although the distance was not above nine miles, if so far. The Mudian women are unquestionably beautiful—so thought Thomas Moore, a tolerable judge, before me. By the bye, touching on this Mudian ball, it was a very gay affair, the women beautiful—I can conceive that any how,' said Massa Aaron—but all the men, when they speak, or are spoken to, shut one eye and spit—'A commendous description of a community,' added our friend.

The second day of my sojourn was fine—the first fine day we had had since our arrival; and with several young ladies of the family, I was prowling through the cedar wood above St. George's, when a dark good-looking man passed us; he was dressed in tight worsted net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and wore a blue frock-coat with two large epaulets, with rich French bullion, and a round hat. On passing, he touched his hat with much grace, and in the evening I met him in society. It was Commodore Decatur. He was very much a Frenchman in manner, or, I should rather say, in look, for although very well bred, he, for one ingredient, by no means possessed a Frenchman's volubility; still he was an exceedingly agreeable and very handsome man.

The following day we spent in a pleasure cruise amongst the three hundred and sixty-five islands, many of them not above an acre of extent—fancy an island of an acre in extent—with a solitary house, a small garden, a red-skinned family, a piggery, and all around clear deep pellucid water. None of the islands and islets rise to any great height certainly, but they shoot precipitously out of the water, as if the whole group had originally been a huge platform of rock, with numberless grooves subsequently chiselled out in it by art.

We had to wind our way amongst these manifold

small channels for two hours, before we reached the gentleman's house where we had been invited to dine at length on turning a corner, with both latten sails drawing beautifully, we ran bump on a head; there was no danger, and knowing that the Mudian were capital sailors, I sat still. Not so Captain K—, a rough plump little homo—'Shove her off, my boys, shove her off!' She would not move, and thereupon he in a fever of gallantry jumped overboard up to the waist in full fig; and one of the men following his example, we were soon afloat. The ladies applauded, and the captain sat in his wet breeks for the rest of the voyage, in all the consciousness of being considered a hero. Ducks and onions are the grand staple of Bermuda, but there was a fearful dearth of both at the time I speak of. A knot of young West India merchants, who with heavy purses and large credits on England, had at this time domiciled themselves in St. George's, to batten on the spoils of poor Jonathan, having monopolized all the good things of the place. I happened to be acquainted with one of them, and thereby had less reason to complain; but many a poor fellow, sent ashore on duty, had to put up with Lenten fare [? fare] at the taverns.'

MINERAL PITCH.

Captain J. E. Alexander, F.R.G.S. &c. gives the following account of a mineral curiosity in Trinidad, in the Edinburgh New Philos. Journal.

'One of the greatest natural curiosities in this part of the world, is the lake of asphaltum or pitch in Trinidad, situated about thirty-six miles to the southward of Port of Spain. The western shore of the island, for about twenty miles, is quite flat and richly wooded, and though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated, and several small rivers, which empty themselves into the Gulf of Paria, afford great facilities for the transport of sugar to the ships which anchor off their embouchures. As Naparima is approached, and the singular mountain (at the foot of which San Fernandes is situated,) is plainly distinguished, then the shore assumes a more smiling aspect: here one sees a noble forest, there a sheet of bright green points out a cane-field—cocoa nut and palm-trees are sprinkled over the landscape, and gently wave their feathered foliage; now and then a well-built house appears close to the water's edge, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuities, and then slightly undulating. The beauty of this part of Trinidad is very great, though, from some undrained swamps, poisonous malaria exhale.

At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage; they also advance into the sea. At the small hamlet of La Braye, a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, 80 feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

The road leading to the lake runs through the wood, and on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what at first glance appears to be a lake containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices 3 or 4 feet deep, and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become offensively warm. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the feet remains on the surface of the pitch.

During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake, nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

In standing still for some time on the lake near the centre, the surface gradually sinks till it forms a great bowl, as it were; and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England: the casks were rolled on the lake, and the men commenced filling, but a piratical looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase; on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

The flow of the pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round, except near the Bay of Grapo (which is protected by a hill) being covered with it; and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principles of motion still exist in the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which has hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

Many experiments have been made, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship-loads of it to England;

but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained that, in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England; but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any further attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop."

MUD VOLCANOES.

To the preceding notice is added a brief allusion to some other objects of interest.

"Forty miles to the southward of the Pitch-lake is Point du Cac, which forms the south-west extremity of the island, and on one side of the Boca del Sierpe. On this cape is another natural curiosity which is well worth seeing, although the distance from Port to Spain renders it rather a difficult operation to proceed thither. What renders this point so interesting to the stranger is an assemblage of mud-volcanoes, of which the largest may be about 150 feet in diameter; they are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouths of the craters boiling mud is constantly bubbling up. At times the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case new ones invariably appear in the vicinity. The mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the Crimea, I should say that there is a remarkable similarity between it and Trinidad—geologically speaking; in both there are mud-volcanoes, in both there are bituminous lakes, and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes."

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1833.

"* We are perhaps as fortunate as our neighbors in our list of subscribers: many of them comply most strictly with the terms of the paper, and the larger number we find prompt when called upon. There are a few, however, who appear to consider any trick to get rid of their payments perfectly justifiable. They will perhaps receive three or four papers more than the number they originally paid for, or a few weeks after the close of a half year (the shortest period for which we receive subscribers) will refuse to receive it from the Post Office, and that is the last we hear of them. They do not recollect to pay. Oh no! it is only a few newspapers!—These men would resent it were we to call them dishonest, but do they think it any less dishonest to receive property without any intention of paying, than to take so much money out of a neighbor's pocket? As these small sums cannot be called for without a great expense, we have resolved ere long to make a list of all such defaulters, and publish it for the benefit of the proprietors of other newspapers."

ZOHRAH: by the author of HAJJI BABA. J. & J. Harper.

This work, as the author confesses, contains but a small quantum of history in proportion to fiction, but they are so happily blended that the reader will scarcely suspect that he is indebted to the imagination of the writer for so many interesting incidents.

The character of *Jaga Mohamed*—famous in the history of Persia for his wisdom and his tyranny—is portrayed in vivid colors; while the customs of the people of the East, and particularly those of Persia, are fully illustrated in a tale of thrilling interest.

A short extract will introduce to our readers—not the Hero—but his Dog; that faithful animal whose sagacity frequently equals the reason of man—while in gratitude and affection it is too often his superior. "Zohrah, son of the Governor of Asterabad," in a hunting excursion had been led in pursuit of a stray hawk until night-fall, when fatigued and bewildered in his course he reposed himself under a rock, where in the morning he was discovered by the Princess "Anima," niece of the King, and her female attendant, who had been induced by the romantic scenery of the country to wander from their pavilion. The *Corak* having been proclaimed—by which any person found in the path of the ladies of the Harem is subject to instant death, was communicated to our hero by the Princess, and the next moment found him surrounded by the attendants of the "Shah," and the order to "kill" given by the King in person. The declaration "I am Zohrah" checked the desire for his destruction, but as a prisoner and pinioned he was led to the camp. About to depart he made a sign to his dog to leave him—the faithful animal obeyed, "and was soon lost in the jungle with his head in the direction of Asterabad."

"Whose dog are you?"

"It was in the dearest hour of the night, about an hour after the midnight watch had been set, when the whole population of Asterabad might be said to be wrapped in sleep, that the sentinel of one of the towers which flanked the Tehran gate of that city, first was struck with the howling of a dog. He had looked

ever and anon at the moon creeping her way through the fleecy clouds which hung over the forest-girt mountains. He had mistaken the uncertain shades cast by her light for approaching enemies, and had found himself occasionally pulling his mustachios, or stroking his beard, to keep himself awake, when luckily for the credit of his watchfulness, his ear was struck with the above melancholy sound. On any other occasion it would have made no impression, but on this it gave rise to imprecations, in which the soldier, not only sent this particular dog, its father, mother, and ancestry, to grill in Jehanum, but all other dogs; an exercise by which he found himself so much awakened and refreshed, that he gained credit that night for being the most vigilant *keshekshi* who paraded from turret to turret. The dog being posted without the walls, it was impossible for the sentinel to get at him, had he wished effectually to stop his howl, he therefore continued to pour forth his maledictions, at the same time that he sought for him with his eye. At length, when the first dawn of the morning began to exert its powers against the light of the moon, he discovered the poor animal crouching near the parapet of the bridge, looking at the gate with the intenseness natural to dogs when they wish to be admitted. He certainly never would have deigned to give it a moment's consideration, had he not been determined in his mind, when he met it in the streets, to bestow upon it some mark of his revenge, for the torture to which his nerves had been put during that night; but upon looking at it he was struck with its appearance, and he fancied that it was something more than a common cur. It was a tall dog, of rough coat, in shape a greyhound, with a hairy muzzle, and very intelligent eyes under sharply erected ears. "By my father's beard," said he, "I have seen that dog before. Curses be on its great grandfather! it must have belonged to some overdone ass of a Turkoman—may his liver drop!—but—what do I know? that's a dog which belongs to somebody—may his home be ruined, with that ill-conditioned noise at the bottom of its throat!" He was floundering on, through alternate guesses and imprecations, when to his delight he perceived the *Onbashi*, coming towards him with the sentinel who was to relieve him, and from him he immediately endeavored to gain a solution of his difficulty.

The *Onbashi*, or sergeant, was an old rough Turkoman, who had faithfully served the present possessors of Asterabad, both in the field of battle as well as in the field of hawk and hound, and who was as well acquainted with every dog in the country as he was with every private in his company.

"By your soul," said the sentinel, who was an Asterabadi, "mine is dried up with the cries of that dog," pointing to it. "As you love your child, whose dog is it, for I have seen it before?"

"Whose dog is it?" exclaimed the old man, as he put his hand over his eyes to screen them from the rising sun. "Allah, Allah!" he further exclaimed, having looked at it for some time, "it is Hemdum." By Khode, by the blessed Prophet, by Omar, and the Imams it is Hemdum; but where is the young Khan his master? May my child die if it be not Hemdum!" Upon that, raising his old crooked voice, he cried out to the impatient animal, "Hemdum! ai Hemdum! ai jenem, oh, my soul!"

The dog's ear no sooner caught these sounds than stopping its lamentations, it began to utter those shrill, yelping cries which denote joy; and although it was worn with fatigue, to make certain curvetts, bounds, and uprearings, which indicated that it fully recognized the voice that called it.

"It is, it is the dog, and God is great!" said the *Onbashi*, "but where is the young Khan. The dog without its master? This cannot be, or the world is gone back; let us go see, perhaps he comes; oh, if he does, what joy will possess the city, for his house were in sad distress about him last night. Come, let us go."

Upon that, placing the new sentinel, and taking the other with him, they descended the narrow stairs which led from the walls to the gate, and, presuming upon the confidence which was placed in his experience, without asking permission of his *Yuzbashi*, or captain, he opened the wicket to the anxious dog, whose nose, thrust under the gate, and importunate sniffings, had long testified his certainty of the pleasure preparing for him. In one bound, he cleared the barrier, and making only one leap of recognition upon the breast of the old sportsman, he plunged off at his utmost speed in the direction of Zohrah's paternal mansion.

"Wahi, wahi," cried out the old man, in utter disappointment at not seeing the animal followed by its master. "What is this? what misfortune has fallen upon our heads? As I wear a beard on my chin, that dog brings bad tidings. Dogs have as much understanding as half our men, and a great deal more than our women. See, see where it runs; it is going to

* Hemdum literally means 'one breath.'

the Khan's gate; this is an evil hour!" Upon this he immediately proceeded to awaken his captain and explain his fears.

The faithful and intelligent dog, in the meanwhile, calling up his latent strength, rushed through the well-known streets and bazaars of the city, and made its entry into its master's gate just as the porter was throwing it open and performing the duties of his office. This old servant of the house, seeing a dog pass his threshold, its tongue out, its eyes almost starting from its head, and limping with agony, stopped his sweeping and leaned upon his broom, to observe what might be the meaning of so sudden an apparition; but, no sooner had he recognised his young master's favourite hound, than, throwing down his broom, he hobbled after it with the agility that fourscore years might have left to him, overtaking it just as it had entered the wicket of the gate of the women's apartments. Its appearance soon attracted the servants there, and the rumour that was immediately spread of the return of Hemdum soon reached the master. Zaul Khan had just finished the last genuflection of his morning prayer, when one of the black slaves rushed in and exclaimed, "Hemdum, Hemdum, is come!" Zohrah's mother, the anxious mother of an adored son, the respected Ayesha, whose ears were open to every sound, heard this announcement with the most lively emotion, and rushed into the apartment where her husband was just then rising from his praying carpet. Together, without proffering a single word, they hastily issued from the room into the court. There, indeed, they beheld the faithful hound of their absent and beloved son, with just strength enough left to crawl fawningly, with wagging tail, and with eyes upturned, to the feet of his master's parents; and as they dwelt over its wasted form, endeavouring to read into every look, and to divine the meanings of its piteous whinings, the lustre of its eye gradually decaying, and the palpitation of its heart gradually subsiding, they saw it at length a stiffened corse at their feet."

PADDY McCORKLE'S SECOND LETTER TO JUDY O'MURPHY.

Dare Judy,

Faith, and ye're darer than iver now to yer own three lover iver since I kim till this country—bad luck till it!—where I've met with nothin at all at all, but troubles, and thrills, and mortifications iver since the day I first set me fut on the shore iv it. Och! the day that iver I kim from Cork! and tore meself from yer own swate arms, me Judy, and from all and several iv the blessings of good buttermilk and paraties. Och! that ambition, which kilt Seezer and Cleopatra, and many other great men besides, should iver have led poor Paddy McCorkle to lave his own swate Ireland, and cross the big wather, jist for the sake iv pickin up money as it were like dust in the strates.

But divil a bit can I find the money I kim afther. Instid iv pickin it up by hanfuls in the strates, and gatherin it from ivery bush and three, jist as they gather apples and squinches, faith, me dare Judy, the papple in this republikin country have till work for it the same as in the countries on the tother side iv the wather. I'm dislappointed therefore, for ye'll ricollect, Judy, how I used till flatter meself about gettin as rich as Cressus, in one or two days more or less afther kimmin till Ameriky. But, bad luck till it! I've already been here a whole forthin, and hav'nt got rich at all at all. Faith, and I'm still as poor as Jemmy Gallagher's pig, that ivery time it went till pull up a sphere iv grass, fell over backwards because it was'nt sthrong enough enuff to stan alone.

Ye'll ricollect, Judy, when I writ tother lather, that I was clane kilt, dead, overset, and smashed to pieces like a bad paratie—and that one principle reason of me writthin was till inform ye iv that unforchun circumstance. Well, the next day but one afther that, I called agin to see the famale lady that could'nt talk till me that day because twas movin day. So as soon as I kim till the enthy, siz she, what's yer name, Paddy? That's it, siz I—ye've hit it the first time. Hit what? siz she. Me name, madam, siz I. Well, what is yer name? siz she. Ye've told it yer ownself, siz I, and what the divil more do ye want? siz I.—Dont sware, Paddy, siz she, I want till hire a sarvant, but I cant have a man in me house that swares at all at all. Faith, madam, siz I, and it's not Paddy McCorkle that swares—the divil a bit did me oon mother's son iver sware a hard word in me life, savin yer ladyship's presence, siz I. Ye wont do for me, Paddy McCorkle, siz she, I'm a chrischin woman, and don't allow any swarin in me house, so you may go, siz she. Thank ye, madam, siz I, I'm much obliged till ye for yer kindness. So I bowed and bowed very politely, and scraped meself out iv the house.

The divil take the luck, sed I to meself as I kim away—so I've lost that place, which I niver had, marely because I did'nt kape a bridle on me tongue. Bad luck till it! siz I, that a man can't spake a hard word now and then in this land iv liberthy, widout

being convicted iv swarin and parjury and other capital crimes. Howsimever, siz I, I'll be more guarded in me spache another time.

Then I went to consult the newspapers to see if any body at all in this great citty wanted a man-sarvant, and I kim across an advertisement for a wather in a great big Hothel. So I posted away as fast as me legs cud carry me for till get the place the first iv any body else. It tuck me two good hours till find the right house, and then, faith, I found the wrong one. Do you want a wather here? siz I. No, siz a man at the door, we dont uze any wathers here, Is'nt this the Hotel? siz I. No, ye fool, siz he, this is the Citty Hall. The divil it is! siz I, and where's the Hotel, if ye plaze? siz I.

So he told me where it was, and be good luck I found it in less nor an hour. I understand ye're in want of a wather here, siz I till the landlord. That's thrue, siz he, I advertized for one this very day.—What'll ye give? siz I. Twelve dollars a month, siz he, to a good activ hand. I'm the boy fer ye, siz I. What's yer name? siz he. Paddy McCorkle by yer lave, siz I. Very well, Paddy McCorkle, how many times do ye git dhruunk in a day? siz he. Not once at all, siz I. Do ye understand waitthin on a table? siz he. Faith, I'm the lad that daz that same, siz I. Then ye may go to work, siz he. Thank ye, sir, siz I.

So when the dinner was ready, I tuck me place in the dinin room alongst wid the tother waitthers. And one gentleman, siz he till me, John!—Me name is not John, by yer lave, siz I—me name is Paddy. Very well then, siz he, Paddy, fetch me a piece iv roast beef, well done. Yes sir, siz I, at yer sarvice. So I fetched him the beef done as red as fire. What have ye got here, Pat? siz he—didn't I tell ye till fetch me a piece iv beef well done? siz he. To be sure ye did, siz I, and here it is, done as red as blud. Pho! siz he, turnin up his nose, it's all raw as when it first kim out iv the critter. So much the better, siz I—in ould England roast beef is always well done when it's half done—and I'm sure yer honor'll allow this same is done quite enuf to ate raw. None iv yer waggery, siz he, Pat, I'm not in the yumer on't—so fetch me the beef thurilly done, before I brake yer—blunderin head for ye.

Well, as soon as I'd sarved this gentleman, another siz he, John—they call all the waitthers John in this country—fetch me some Grayum bread, siz he. Grayum bread! siz I—axin yer honor's pardon, I don't know what sort iv bread that may be jist—Don't know! siz he, luckin at me wid perfect astonishment—where did he kim from I shud like to know. I kim from ould Ireland, siz I, where we have the best paraties in the world, siz I. So I shud think, siz he, ye'd lived all yer life on paraties, not till know what Grayum bread is. Why, siz he, it's pepsy bread. So I went till one iv the tother waitthers and axed him fer the pepsy bread—and he handed me a platefull that lucked for all the world like the mash they giv till the horses in England and the pigs in Ireland. Here is the pepsy bread, siz I, as I handed it till the gentleman, and I hope it won't stack in yer throt afther ye git it down, siz I. What's that till ye? siz he. Nothin, siz I, beggin yer honor's pardon, and bowin and scrapin till him at the same time—notin at all, siz I, it's no consarn iv mine.

But jist then another gentleman, siz he till me, John—But faith, Judy, me darlin, the bell is jist now ringin for me, so I must wind off short widout writthin another word—for if I don't run when the bell rings, I shall lose me place. So I hope ye'll excuse me, and I'll put the close iv this lather in the beginnin iv me next. Wishin ye gud health, and long life, and plenty iv childer when we're married, I remane now, and hope till remane foriver,

Yer lovin swateheart,

PADDY McCORKLE.

New Yorrick, May 15, 1833.

S. P. The next time ye go till confoshin, plase put in a few sins fer me—but don't say any thing to the preist about it, and so let 'em pass all undther yer own name ye know, and that 'll save payin for two—for I'm rather short iv money at this present writthin—and when I git better off, I'll return the favor.

P. McC.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Bribery of Conscience.—Peter Garbanetta, a batter, was charged before Mr. White, of Queen-square, by a Jew, named David Lazarus, with stealing three earthenware dishes, and also with assaulting a police constable of the B division under the following circumstances:—

David Lazarus obtains his livelihood by selling earthenware about the streets, and purchasing old hats to polish up and sell again, and he was frequently in the habit of calling and dealing with the prisoner. About six weeks ago Lazarus entered the shop in the way of business, when a discussion arose on the merits of an old hat, valued at one shilling, which the prisoner had for sale: various other matters were also talked over, which at last ended in a theological

dispute. The prisoner remarked that he understood the Jews never, under any circumstances, ate pork. Lazarus affirmed that was perfectly correct, and explained the great offence it was considered by his tribe. It so happened that in the midst of this harangue the prisoner's wife brought in a quantity of pork sausages to be cooked for dinner, and he was asked if he would eat some. Lazarus replied that he must be aware from what he had said that it was against the religion which he professed, upon which the prisoner offered to give him a shilling if he would eat them. The bribe tempted the Jew, and a bargain was struck. The sausages were at once put into the frying-pan, and their savoury smell appeared to delight the Jew, who smacked his lips at his unexpected gorge and a shilling. The prisoner seeing the Jew's eagerness to commence the feast, now began to repent his bargain, and considered that he had in some measure played the fool to give a person a shilling to eat up all his sausages, merely for the pleasure of seeing a Jew eat swine's flesh; he, therefore, tried to back out, but not so the Jew, who exclaimed "that a pargain vas a pargain, and he would stick to it." The prisoner, finding that he could not pacify Lazarus, stuck one of the sausages on a fork, and handed it to him; and Lazarus soon convinced him that a Jew could eat pork; for he bolted the sausage at one mouthful and claimed the remainder. The prisoner cried, "Hold, enough!" and said that he was convinced, but no more sausages would he allow him to eat, and flatly refused to give him the promised shilling. Lazarus flew in a rage, and finding that he could not get the money, he laid hold of the old shilling hat, and walked off with it. Nothing more was seen of Lazarus until he again entered the prisoner's shop, and commenced bargaining for another old hat, and, after a long parley, he purchased it for sixpence. The prisoner now requested to look at some of the wares in the Jew's basket, and selected out three large dishes, at the price of eighteen pence, which he purchased, telling Lazarus that they were now square, as he reminded him of the shilling he owed him for the hat he had taken away six weeks ago. In vain the Jew urged he had eaten the pork sausages, and was entitled to either the hat or the shilling. Words at last got so high that a police constable was called in, and Lazarus gave the prisoner in charge for stealing his dishes. The prisoner resisted, and assaulted the constable. The whole party at last got to the station-house.

Mr. White said that there was no grounds whatever for the felonious charge, and blamed the constable for interfering. The charge was then dismissed, and the prisoner threatened to take out a warrant for the police constable.

THE DRAMA.

Park.—A new piece, by S. Woodworth, Esq. was produced on Tuesday evening at this house. It is a Comedy, entitled "The Foundling of the Sea," written expressly for Mr. Hill, the *Yankee Story Teller*, and for which a premium of \$400 was awarded. There has evidently been too much hurry in bringing this piece before the public. It requires pruning both by author and manager—should have a different caste, and the performers acquire some knowledge of their parts. With very few exceptions, there was a great deficiency in this point. Messrs. Blakely, Richings and Rae were good. Mr. Hill, as Zackariah Dickerwell—excellent, and received much applause. Mrs. Wheatley in Madame Teulip, performed with much spirit. Mr. Keppel and Mr. Nexsen are entirely unfit for the characters they attempted; any of the supernumeraries of the house could have done as well. Mrs. Sharpe, Messrs. Barry and Placide were all wanted in this piece, and ought to take the place of some others.

In "The Foundling of the Sea"—by the by, the name is not very appropriate; we think the author has aimed at too much; had he been contented to have produced a *Farce*, the same materials might have been used to great advantage. There is much amusing matter in several of the scenes, the caricatures are good, and the *Yankee Pedlar* well adapted to Mr. Hill, yet we are satisfied the piece must be materially curtailed to become popular.

The audience on Tuesday evening was very indulgent. Mr. Hill good-naturedly, on being called upon, told a "Yankee Story" extra, and "The Foundling of the Sea" was announced for Thursday, amidst loud plaudits.

The new drama of "Nell Gwynne," which has had a great run in London, was brought out last week, and if we may judge from the continued roar of laughter it produced, will have an equally great run here. Miss Clara Fisher sustained the part of Nell most admirably, it is well adapted to her playful style of acting. Mr. Placide, as "Orange Moll," was inimitable—indeed we know of no actor who is so universally good in every character. Mr. Mason could perform "Charles," we are satisfied, much better. If he will not make the attempt, Mr. Barry should take his place.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can I forget
The love of life's young day!

The five that's blowing on the pine-tree's bough,
May we be black and grey;
But blacker still awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cold.

O dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
The thoughts of bygone years
Sull fling their shadows o'er my path,
And blind my eyes with tears;
They blind my eyes with tears,
And sad and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks of langsyne.

'Twas then we loved like other weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa hours at aye,
Twa hours, and but no heart!
'Twas then we sat on a leigh bank,
To leir like other leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were aye,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jennie, often yet,
When sitting on that bank,
Cheek to cheek, loof to loof,
What our voices heard that time?
When both bent down o'er a broad page,
We'd beak on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks burnt red with shame,
When'er the scales-weighs laughin' said,
We clack'd together hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scale then skail'd at noon),
When we ran off to speel the brass—
The broomy braes o' June!

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thoughts rush back
O' scale-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh, hae some days and lang,
When hinnie hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dunsome town,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water's croon!
The summer leaves hung o'er our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the glowin' of the wood,
The throsel whusl'd sweet;

The throsel whusl'd in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knoe above the burn,
For hours thegither sat,
In the silences o' joy, till bath
We'd very gladness gat.

Av, ay, dear Jennie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose, yet name
Had any power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unrang!

I marvel, Jennie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee,
As closely twined wi' earliest thoughts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin the music fills
Thine ear as it does mine?
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows girt
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love of life's young day.

O dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
Since we were sinderin' young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music of your tongue;
But I could hie all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

Motherwell.

A FRONTIER SCENE.

About seven miles north of Hopkinsville, Ky. is a very remarkable spot; a solitary post-oak stands in the barrens, in the forks of the roads, and has obtained universally the name of the "Lonesome Post-Oak." In the early settlement of the country—about thirty-five years ago—this was the only tree to be seen for many miles round, (whence its name). It was then tall, green and flourishing; it is now, however, a leafless, branchless, thunder-riven, shattered trunk; sending up its shafts as straight as the mainmast of a ship of war. Superstition has heretofore, and still guards the spot; the tree is looked upon with something like the same veneration with which the Egyptian regards his pyramids, those grim sentinels of eternity. The place is remarkable for a very severe battle, fought by Big Harpe and Davis. The Big Harpe, and Little Harpe, his brother, were the terror of the surrounding country, in those early times. Two more execrable monsters never disgraced humanity. They lived with two women, as bad as themselves, in a cave about twenty miles from this tree. Blood and massacre were their delight. It was their custom to sally forth, and without any reason, to murder without distinction all the men, wo-

men and children they could find. As the country filled up, the people could no longer submit to their horrid depredations. Men and dogs collected, and took the pursuit. They came on the two Harpes in a narrow valley, at about two miles from this tree. They immediately mounted their horses, and dashed off in the direction of the cave. In going about five miles, Davis, whose horse was very fleet, had left his companions, and caught up with Big Harpe, he having previously separated with his brother, the little Harpe.

Here were two powerful men, armed with rifles, butcher-knives, tomahawks, by themselves far from help, and bent on death. Davis well knew that if overpowered, he would certainly be killed; and Harpe had determined to die, rather than be taken alive. They passed and repassed each other, frequently making blows without effect, each dreading to fire for fear of missing, and thereby placing himself at the mercy of his adversary. Finally, the horse of Big Harpe fell with and threw his rider, then rose and galloped off. Harpe sprang to his feet, and fired at Davis' horse, which reared and fell. They were now not more than ten yards apart. Harpe, whose sagacity was equal to his courage and villany, kept dodging and springing from side to side, approaching Davis, however, by imperceptible degrees. Davis, discovering he would soon lose the benefit of his gun, now fired in his turn but without effect. Each man now drew his knife, and they closed in mortal struggle. Very soon they fell side by side; but at this juncture a large wolf-dog of Davis' came to his master's assistance, and seized Harpe by the throat. This produced a diversion in favor of Davis, who immediately recovered himself, and stabbed Harpe to the heart. The hideous yell which the wretch sent up, is said still to be heard on dark nights, ringing wildly along the heath. Some of Davis' friends soon joined him: they dug a hole and buried Harpe at the foot of the Lonesome Post-Oak.

Little Harpe escaped, went down the Mississippi, and joined the celebrated Mason and his gang, at Stack Island. Soon after Harpe joined him, Mason attacked a flat boat from Cincinnati, and killed all the hands. For this a large reward was offered for Mason; to obtain which, Little Harpe decoyed him to Natchez, and there informed against him and betrayed his friend. On Mason's trial, Harpe himself was recognised, was tried, and found guilty; and on the same day that Mason was hung, he also expiated his crimes on the gallows. This Mason was a very remarkable and extraordinary man. He was distinguished by a strong double row of under and upper teeth, that clenched together with the energy and tenacity of a steel trap.—*Cincinnati Mirror*.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

There is a long, spirited, and painfully interesting article on this subject in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine. For the information it conveys, and to show that the deplorable evils which attend the system of factory labor, as performed in England, (and some knowledge of which is beforehand in the reader's possession) are not overlooked by the humane, we transfer to the columns of the Atlas such of the more striking passages as we can find room for at this time.—*Atlas*.

"Never at any time of our social state was there more for man to do for man than now. There has been a breaking up of the entire system. It may all be for our ultimate good. But this is certain, that the love of money is the ruling passion of the rich—of the poor, the mere love of life. Here we behold the splendour of ease, affluence and luxury—there the squalor of toil, want, and hunger. The lower orders—quarrel not with the word lower, for they are as low as tyranny can tread them down—are in many places as much parts of machinery as are spindles. Thousands are but cogs. The more delicate parts of machinery soonest wear out; and these are boys and girls. You can have no conception of the waste of infants. The weak wretches are soon worn out and flung away. True that they are not expensive. They are to be purchased from their parents at a low price. The truth is, they are too cheap. Their very bodies are worth more than they bring; and then there is one error in the calculation, which, great as it seems to us, has been seldom noticed—seldom has buyer or seller thought of inserting their souls.

This brings us at once into the Factories. It was the introduction of Sir Richard Arkwright's invention—Mr. Sadler remarks, in his noble Speech on moving the second reading of the Factories' Regulation Bill,—that revolutionized the entire system of our national industry. Previously to that period, the incipient manufactures of the country were carried on in the villages, and around the domestic hearth. That invention transferred them principally to the great towns, and almost confined them to what are now called Factories. Thus children became the principal operatives; and they no longer performed their tasks, as before, under the parental eye, and had them affectionately and considerably apportioned, according to their health and capacities; but one universal rule of labour was prescribed to all ages, to both sexes, and every state and constitution. But a regulation, therefore, it might have been expected, would have been adapted to the different degrees of physical strength in the young, the

delicate, and especially the female sex. But instead of that, it was doubled in many cases, beyond what the most athletic and robust men in the prime and vigour of life can with impunity sustain. Our ancestors would not have supposed it possible, exclaims this benevolent, enlightened, and eloquent Statesman—posterity will not believe it true, that a generation of Englishmen could exist that would labour hisping infancy, of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles or tears, and unmoved by its unrelenting weakness, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen hours a-day, and through the weary night also, till, in the dewy morn of existence, the bud of youth faded and fell ere it was unfolded. "Oh! cursed lust of gold!" Oh! the guilt which England was contracting in the kindling eye of Heaven, when nothing but exultations were heard about the perfection of her machinery, the want of her manufactures, and the rapid increase of her wealth and prosperity!

Yes—'true it is and of verity,' that few of our political economists have suffered their eyes to see such things; and in that voluntary blindness have their hearts been hardened. But the wonder and the pity and the shame is, that the people of England have suffered themselves to be hood-winked by such false 'friends of humanity.' They have among them wiser instructors.

What, then, is the object of that Bill, which Mr. Sadler, alas, in vain! implored the House to sanction with its authority? The liberation of children and other young persons employed in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, from that over-exertion and long confinement which common sense, as well as experience, has shewn to be utterly inconsistent with the improvement of their minds, the preservation of their morals, and the maintenance of their health—in a word, to rescue them from a state of suffering and degradation. And, would you believe it? many persons who believe the existence of the evils he has brought to light, oppose him on principle! The wise-acres are reluctant to legislate on such matters—they hold all such interference to be an evil. They have learned a few words of French, and each parrot from his perch, as he keeps swinging himself to and fro in his glittering cage, ejaculates, 'Laissez nous faire!'

Mr. Sadler condescends to argue with these weaklings of the flock. He challenges them to shew a case which has stronger claims for the interposition of the law, whether we regard the nature of the evil to be abated, as it affects the individuals, society at large, and posterity; or the utter helplessness of those on whose behalf we are called on to interfere; or the fact, which experience has left no longer in doubt, that if the law does not, there is no other power that can, or will, adequately protect them. But the same, and other persons, likewise ground their opposition on the pretence that the very principle of the Bill is an improper interference between the employer and the employed, and an attempt to regulate by law the market of labour. Words—words—words—the mere mocking repetition of a doctrine of which they have not caught a glimpse, and yet blindfolded would apply! Men are free agents—quo? they. Mr. Sadler seeks to make them slaves. Free agents! dragging at their heels the clank of inextricable chains. Of whom do they speak? Of the full grown? Then must they maintain, that in this country the demand for labour never fully equals the supply. Were that the case, the employer and the employed might meet on equal terms in the market for labour.—But as it is, must Mr. Sadler, who is no Political Economist forsooth, (the cross-bred curs that dog the heels of Ricardo snappishly bark against him,) remind them that the unequal division of property, or rather its monopoly by the few, leaves the many nothing but what they can obtain by their daily labour; that that very labour cannot become available for the purposes of daily subsistence, without the consent of the capitalists; that the materials, the elements on which labour can be bestowed, are in their possession? Will they not but 'withdraw the fringed curtains of their eyes, and tell us who comes yonder? Crowds of people over-worked,—followed by crowds who have no work at all. To use Mr. Sadler's more forcible expressions,—one part of the community reduced to the condition of slaves by over-exertion, and another part to that of paupers by involuntary idleness. Truly does he say, that wealth, still more than knowledge, is power; and power, liable to abuse wherever vested, is least of all free from tyrannical exercise, when it owes its existence to a sordid source. Hence have all laws, human or divine, attempted to protect the labourer from the injustice and cruelty which are too often practised upon him. Yes! What else are Provisions for the Poor! They too, indeed, come under the ban of all who swear by non-interference. They must hold the Truck-system to be best. Why should not wages be paid in soap and tallow? But of all interference between master and man, the most odious, because the most imperative—the most tyrannical—must be the institution of the Sabbath.

According to the London Court Journal, great preparations are making for "the bringing out" of the daughter of the late Lord Byron, who is to be presented at the next Drawing Room. "The jewels have been ordered of an eminent jeweller at the west end of the town. Report in the fashionable circles speaks very highly of the accomplishments of this young lady, who resembles her talented father in many of the finer qualities of his mind. Her education has been attended to with the greatest solicitude by Lady Byron; and most of the masters under whom she has studied speak highly of her assiduity, and of the readiness with which she profited by their lessons."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER.

From Miss Mary, aged 16, to Miss Ann, aged 25.

I wear in my silver and blue—
To the ball—I was really as blue—
You're the one I eagerly love;
Yes, to—my dear Ann, you know whom.
He spoke of his transports and bliss,
Indeed, "he's a fine fellow!"
He swore, first by the stars, then by this—
Do you think he meant any thing, Ann?
I tried to look at him and to think,
While I thought of with joy and a sigh,
As his lips murmured I over my cheek,
In seeming to whisper my ear,
He spoke of the long joyous train,
While raptures passed on the bright train,
That wait those who have not in vain—
Do you think he meant any thing, Ann?
Answer.
My thoughts I will frankly reveal,
Of scorn not to listen to Ann;
I think that he meant a great deal—
Beware of "this fellow of a man."
When he speaks of the long trains of bliss,
That love, in succession, will bring;
Dear Mary, just whisper him this—
That you like them all best in a ring.

Metrop.

A SCENE IN THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm-fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the tall cane bowed under its gentle influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of the cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the fragrant meal. That afternoon, Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife, before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the personal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another, and another, followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!" The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious.

Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. A punch-con [board] was raised; while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her, she arose, seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty, took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall all be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily replaced the punch-con, took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered. By this time, Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and rushed it to his back, then throwing off some clap-boards from the roof of the cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other, with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan, at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage and disappointment. His teeth were clenched together, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe, and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan, watchful as he was, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian—the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sunk to the earth. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off. The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down, gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved onward with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or elude

the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted, waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. Bryant's station was not far off—firing was heard—he stopped for a moment and again advanced. Fire could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhoru creek. The station was in view; lighted arrows fast descended on the roof of the cabins; it was no longer doubtful; Bryant's station was besieged by a large force, and could not be entered at that time. He paused—the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and he in a short time, reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the cane-brake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burned to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth. Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand, he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of Eliza on the ground—his left was thrown over his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose; the two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections. One of the most interesting pages in the annals of Tacitus, is that in which he so eloquently and so feelingly describes the return of Agrippina, to her country and to her home, bearing the urn that contained the ashes of her murdered husband, surrounded by her weeping children, and mourning friends. There is an awakening interest in deep-rooted sorrow, that calls into action all the kind feelings and tender sympathies of our nature; and the heart can, no doubt, be as warmly operated upon in the wild plains of America, as on the classic grounds of Italy. There is something peculiarly touching in the performance of the last sad duty of burial, whether encompassed by the proud and lofty towers of imperial Rome, while the cries of mourning thousands ascend to heaven, or surrounded by the tall green trees of republican Kentucky, where the stricken heart silently pours forth its sorrows.

On the evening of the 16th of August, Morgan, his brother, and a number of men from Lexington, gallantly threw themselves into the besieged station, and saved the fortress. After a bold, spirited, and unsuccessful siege, Simon Girty drew off his men on the morning of the third day, and marched in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. By this time, the whole neighbourhood had risen in arms, and with the aid promptly given by Harrodsburg and Boon's station, one hundred and sixty-six mounted men mustered under the command of colonels Todd and Trigg. The line of march was immediately taken up, and the pursuit commenced. After marching a short distance, colonel Daniel Boone, and some others, watchful and experienced, and well acquainted with Indian signs, discovered strong evidences of tardiness and ostentation, that seemed to invite an attack. The trees were chopped for the purpose of pointing out the route, while they took pains to conceal their number, by marching in single file, stepping in each other's track, and contracting their camps. As the van arrived on the south bank of Licking river, at the Lower Blue Licks, a few scattering Indians were discovered, slovenly and carelessly retiring over the hills on the north side of the river.

[By the reckless impatience of one of the party, an injudicious attack was made on the Indians, who being in ambuscade and greatly out-numbering the whites, were after a desperate contest, the victors. The survivors retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.]

James Morgan was among the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was ascended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and he fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes, and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle. It was now midnight. Girty and his savage band, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground, that surrounded him, was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain

and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. But a few hours before, he had seen the gallant Todd, Trigg, Harland, Boone, and many others, in all the pride of life, flushed with hope, glowing with zeal, and burning with patriotism—now cold and lifeless as the rocks that lay scattered over the dark and bloody ground; friends and enemies, the red man and the white man, side by side, quietly slumbered in eternal repose. The pale glimmering of the moon, occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few, still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat, and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair, to his own end. A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarce audible voice, exclaimed, "My husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits, and drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her; believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living, save them, if possible, from the hands of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him. The party of colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.—West. M. Mag.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

No. II.

—There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. Ps. civ. v. 26.

"Besom Bob," as he was familiarly styled on shore, but which it would have been dangerous to utter on board the *Circe*, was a remarkable man.—He was of the lowest origin in point of birth, his father being an itinerant dealer in brooms, in which mystery Robert himself had been initiated, and followed the business until he attained his twenty-third year. Happening to be seated one evening in a small ale-house in Whitley, where there chanced to be several seamen carousing, he listened with attention and admiration to the exploits which, over their cups, they related with all the boisterous mirth, and some of the exaggeration that deep potations are apt to engender. Gradually he became smitten with the desire to imitate their adventures, perhaps to go beyond them. He was a stout, athletic young man, and the stinging reflection all at once came across him, of the helpless, useless life he was leading, in a world, full of adventure. He determined to renounce the broom line of business, and betake himself to the deep.

Accordingly he went and offered himself as a landsman to one of the masters from his native port, and was accepted. His anxiety to learn his new occupation was incessant, his exertions ardent. At all times,—under all circumstances,—Besom Bob, for thus he was named from the beginning of his career, was to be found ready to execute any commands as far as his ability would reach,—and it was not long before that ability was great. From danger he never flinched,—from labor he never skulked,—he never was heard to complain,—and, accordingly, as is generally the case, he soon had not much to complain of. The young man's conduct was remarked with approbation by the commander, who determined to encourage him, and the ship having returned full,—a circumstance of most favorable omen among the superstitious race of sailors,—the young broom-man's destiny was thought to mixed up in the good luck, and it was resolved to secure that and its possessor together.

Besom Bob, then, was retained in the service of his first employers, by being sent on a voyage to Archangel, after his return from Greenland, and was pro-

pitiated in the next whaling expedition, by being put into the office of line-coiler—a duty of which, more hereafter. Success,—the most powerful proof of merit in most opinions,—still attended his steps; he became successively, boat-steerer, harpioneer, spikes-neer, mate, and in the almost incredibly short space of six years, the itinerant dealer in brooms was master of one of the finest whalers from the port of Whitley.

Nor did his good fortune forsake him. At the period of my entrance into his ship, he was about fifty years of age;—he had been twenty-two years in the command of whaling vessels, in which time it was remarkable that he never failed of a full ship,—he had never been beset in the ice,—he had never lost a man by an accident,—had never been wrecked;—nor had the impress,—that disgrace to the British service,—ever succeeded in taking from him one of his crew. Good luck, therefore, according to the popular belief, was peculiarly his, and no wonder, that the very best of seamen were ready to ship themselves under his command at lower wages than they could procure in other places. A prosperous voyage, are to the superstitious seaman, worth securing at any rate. Thus, then, continued success provided him a superior crew on easy terms, and these in their re-action provided him success. His friends said "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and his enemies said "he had sold himself to the devil."

To return to our voyage. In four days we reached the Shetland Isles, and anchored in Lerwick Sound. It is customary with the British whalers, to sail with the superior part of the crew only, from the English port, and engage natives of these islands at a lower rate of wages, for the purpose of manning the boats when the vessel is upon the "fishing ground." Here we received an additional force of forty men, which added to twenty-eight, with which number we sailed, made us in powerful strength. It was not my good fortune, however, to sail longer under the command of the gallant and fortunate Capt. Scoles, though I fell in with him again; for the "Leicester," Capt. Bunting came into the Roads, and in a conference it appeared that he was short of boys; one of his apprentices having died just before he left Hull, and another ran away from him in Grimsby Roads. I was therefore called into the cabin, and after some little conversation, in which I was assured of the kind disposition of Capt. B., I was "lent" to him. Yes, dear H., whatever shock your delicate sensations may encounter at the use of such a word applied to a free human being, I was assuredly lent to him. That is to say, Capt. Scoles was responsible for my emoluments, on the footing of the original agreement, but Bunting was to have my services during the voyage, and to pay him for the same.

I gulped this down with some difficulty; and to say truth, it was a hard task for a young lad among a number of superstitious seamen; for whilst getting my "dunnage" ready, for a transfer of myself and property, the whisper ran round that I was marked for misfortune, and hence it was that I was removed from the "jolly old *Circe*." They all shook hands cordially with me, wishing me well through the troubles which they knew I should encounter, and rejoicing inwardly that the "bark" was clear of a Jonah. Be this as it might, there was no alternative, and I had the mortification on the following day to see the *Circe* weigh anchor without me, and was doomed to exercise my philosophy as well as I could.

WHALE FISHING.

The *Leicester* was soon manned for the fishery, and we in our turn set sail for the Arctic Regions. As I intend to detail the business of whaling, perhaps I cannot take a better opportunity than the present of giving you some preliminary information. As soon as we had got clear to the north of Shetland, all the boats were hoisted out, to be fitted with the necessary gear, and suspended in places most convenient for lowering into the sea, at any hasty necessity. The following was the order of their situations. There was one, outside of each gangway, two at each quarter, and one over the stern. These were all provided with rope grommets instead of row-locks for the oars, and a mat underneath each oar, upon the boat's gunwales; all was well greased in order to enable the boat's crew to row with silence. Next, the whale lines were brought out and coiled, cable-fashion, and in smooth fakes, in the line-tub, in the after part of the boat; each boat carried from four to six lines of one hundred and twenty fathoms each, spliced together into one length. The whale-line consisted of rope extremely supple, and strong, being made from long hemp picked for that purpose. A few fathoms nearest the outer end were without tar, and were perfectly soft and pliant, but very strong; this latter was firmly attached to the harpoon, at the shank. The latter instrument consisted of an iron head doubly barbed, about six inches long, and five wide, but flat, and about three quarters of an inch thick in the strongest part; the shank or socket was in one part with the barb, about two feet long, and into the socket was fixed a wooden shank about six feet long. This instrument was always kept bright and clean, it lay in the boat's bow, close to the harpioneer's seat in rowing, and ready to be snatched up by him at any moment. Near the boat's stern also was a strong circular piece of wood, firmly fixed, called the bollard, round which the harpioneer frequently took a turn with the whale-line, when a fish was struck, thereby compelling him to drag the boat and its contents, thus fatiguing him with the labor, whilst the pain of the instrument was assisting to bring about his death. The bollard being round and smooth, it was easy to give out portions of line at the judgment of the harpioneer, and to hold on, c

throw it off altogether, whenever he should think fit. Besides the harpoon there are always two or three lances in each boat, for the purpose of being plunged into a vital part of the fish when he is weary, weak, and dying. The lances are commonly used by such boats as come late up to the whale, and when the fish has already been struck by three or more harpoons from different boats, and the object is to dispatch him. A staff with a small white or colored flag is in each boat, to be hoisted whenever a fish is struck, to denote that they are fast to him, and to demand assistance. A small swab, for the purpose of wetting the boat's gunwale when the line is running out with such rapidity, and thus prevent its taking fire, completes the equipment of each boat, excepting a spare oar or two, in the event of any damage to those actually in use. Every precaution is taken to procure celerity and silence, and no unnecessary words are to be uttered.

The following is the order of the people composing a boat's crew in this service; first, the harpiner whose place is always in the boat's bow, in other words, he always rows the foremost oar; and he is ready to throw in his oar and catch up his harpoon when he shall see occasion to do so. Next to him in the boat is some smart dexterous fellow who can promptly obey the orders of the harpiner, and render him any assistance he may desire,—but this man is not what is called an officer. After him there are two, sometimes three Shetland men, of whom nothing is required but that they row steadily, strongly and silently, and be prompt to back the boat off or urge it on, as the harpiner shall direct. The last of the rowers is the line-coiler, whose duty it is to be ever attentive to his lines; to see that they run out smooth and even, because as they sometimes run very rapidly, at the least irregularity a bight catching any part of the boat, might be the cause of her destruction with that of all the crew. When, therefore, the harpiner lays in his oar to seize his harpoon, the line-coiler also lays in his, to watch his lines; and if, in spite of his utmost care, the rapidity with which the fish runs should drag the whole or a part of a shroud out of his line-tub, he instantly gives notice, and the harpiner with a sharp hatchet cuts the line and lets the fish go, with so much of the line and harpoon with him, as he has dragged out. The last man in the boat is the boat-steerer,—a very important office he holds. I need scarcely inform you that whale-boats are carvel-built, and have the stem and stern both alike. The boat-steerer always stands up in the stern, and instead of a rudder he has a very large oar, called the steer-oar, the power of which in his hands is such, as to enable him to turn the boat either to right or left with great readiness. He must have his eyes constantly fixed on the object, and use his own best judgment, except when receiving the orders of the harpiner, whose word indeed is law on these occasions. All these preparatory measures being taken, the boat's crew appointed, and the ship's company divided into three watches, we proceeded with all despatch to the scene of our projected exploits, and as the season was not yet far advanced, it was deemed advisable to make towards "the west ice," as it is called, in order to catch a few seals, before proceeding towards Spitzbergen to the regular fishery.

But I must describe to you our personal equipments, as they may serve as a model to the beaux in Broadway, and certainly would have attracted the attention of the belles, it were a pity to consign it to oblivion. Whatever might be thought of the quality of the woollen, there certainly was no heart-burning on the score of fine linen, for here clean linen was not. Every person, from the captain to the sweeper, wore a flannel shirt, over which was a Guernsey frock or vest of the flannel fabric, fitting tight to the body and arms. We were incased in two pair of woollen stockings, the like of woollen drawers, a pair of huge heavy boots, covering the entire lower limbs, woollen or canvas trousers, a jacket, and over that a large pee-jacket, two pair of woollen mittens, and the crowning point of elegance, a worsted wig, with a long tail of either worsted or thrums, over which was a fur cap. At this time also the general rule began to be enforced, that every one should sleep in his stockings and drawers, and the remaining part of his attire [he] laid in a bucket, or piece of cord with a slip knot, to keep them together. The reason of this last precaution, I found was, that in the event of "a fall" being called, which means, a fish being successfully struck, every one jumping out of bed, runs half undressed as he may be, with his clothes in his bucket, into his proper boat; after putting off, the harpiner throws in his oar and finishes his dress; after him, the boat-steerer, and soon succession, one at a time, till they are all dressed; and thus no time is lost.

It is curious to observe the prejudices of unfettered seafaring men; the ship's company being now divided into three watches, there were of course sixteen hours exemption from duty, and eight hours upon deck. I was not able to sleep so many hours, and therefore, in my watch before, as it is called, I attempted to beguile some part of the time in reading, having brought a few books with me; but the attempt was laughed at in the first place, and afterwards I received peremptory orders to "bottle off all the sleep I could get, as I should certainly want it before we should see Shetland again." Such was the reasoning of these men, who could alternately employ themselves for sixty or seventy hours in an arduous, dangerous, and disgusting occupation, or sleep at the rate of sixteen hours a-day. I was obliged to comply, and spent many an uneasy hour awake in my bed, that might have been profitably employed.

At length we reached the "west ice;" a scene here broke upon my view of which I had no previous conception. From the mast head [saw] an immense extent of floating ice, all in patches, broken, disjointed;

pieces here and there artificially, or rather apparently, joined together by snow, and at intervals a dark narrow streak of clear water, probably made by vessels forcing their way among the masses. There were several Dutch ships among the ice, and the boats' crews from which were employing themselves in "sealing," which I discovered to be a most exhilarating amusement to the seamen, as well as profitable to the owners. We prepared for the sport, Captain Bunting as eager as the very boys themselves, and he took me with him in his own boat.

SEALING.

The mode of killing seals, at this part of the season, is as follows: each boat is provided with a number of clubs, about three feet long, the upper end having a thick knob, and a short iron hook fastened upon it. There are also several tin horns or trumpets in the boats. The seals lie in great numbers upon the masses of ice, and are a stupid race; upon the approach of a boat to the places where they are basking, the crew sound their horns, or make horrid shouts, and discordant noises; the animals erect their heads, open wide their eyes and mouths, and are utterly confounded; before they can recover their consternation the men jump on the masses of ice where they are, and still roaring at them, run up, give them a sound knock on the nose, which kills them instantly, and then sticking the hook in their heads, drag them to the boat, which is moved about from place to place by a boy as the men shift their places.

At first I was stationed as boat-keeper, but, upon my intreaty, I was allowed to try my skill,—and a pretty trial it was. A fine fat fellow was my intended victim; I approached, "secundum artem," but not knowing the identical seat of his mortality, I struck him on the neck, and the gentleman scuttled away from me instantly at a notable rate. I ran after him, and tried to hit him again with the hooked side of the knob, in vain,—I produced no effect: he was getting near the edge of the ice;—I stooped like a booby, to get hold of his fin or "flipper," when he raised it up, struck me forcibly on my face, vanished, and at the same time knocked me into the water. My first impulse was to lay hold of the ice, and then I roared lustily, being apprehensive that another piece might come in contact with the one that held me, and crush the life out of me. The boat, however, was soon round me, and I was rolled in and carried off to the ship, when a glass of grog was administered by the "doctor," and a change of garments by myself. But many a jeer I had to sustain for allowing myself to be knocked down by a seal, and for losing my club.—"Lubber," and "die-hard," were the mortifying terms applied to me, until I was able to wipe out that stain upon my honour and skill.

We remained a week at the west ice, during which time we killed about fifteen hundred seals. These were a valuable foundation of the fishery, the fat of those animals being very excellent; and, upon boiling, it yields nearly its whole quantity in oil, whereas the fat of the whale only boils to about two thirds. The skins also are worth much for leather.

And now we made sail for the "east ice," where our main fishery was to commence. The crew's nest was rigged, and the Jacob's ladder. The former of these conveniences consists of a place fitted up, in the main-topmast cross-trees, screened round with canvas, and containing a telescope; and its use was for the officer of the watch, or any other person sent aloft, to protect them from the cold whilst looking around for the appearances of fish, or the state of the navigation among the ice. From the crew's nest the Jacob's ladder was fixed, reaching up to the mast head itself, thus allowing a still more extensive, though momentary view.

Every eye now began to be strained, in hopes of being the first to discover a fish; we had arrived in the latitude of 75 deg. N., the bran-boats were ordered out, consisting of half the "watch on deck," and all was eagerness, suspense, and watchfulness. For my own part, my utter ignorance of this part of the business, and my anxiety to see and know every thing, effectually prevented me from "bottling off" sleep, according to the ritual; in fact I slept none.

The important moment at length arrived—disastrous indeed in its consequences. The wind was blowing very fresh from the northeast, so much so, that it was hardly prudent to have a boat out. Still the anxiety for a commencement was so great, and the long delay hitherto had been so vexatious, that Captain Bunting would not allow a single chance to be lost. Suddenly there was a hailing from the crew's nest, of a fish on the weather-beam. Instantly the bran-boat pulled away for him—came up with him—struck him! Up went the boat's jack, or flag—"a fall," was loudly and exultingly called through the ship,—the people thronged to their respective boats, to go and finish the exploit—when, miserable fate!—all at once jack and boat disappeared. There was a cry from the ship—a helpless cry—when presently she was seen again, with her keel uppermost. A few moments farther lapse a figure was seen at each end of her. After much hard pulling, the other boats came up to the unfortunate one that had been capsized, and soon all but one began to return towards the ship. They brought with them two men half frozen to death, and the boat which had been upset.

It seems that they had not been able to reach the shoulder of the fish, which is always the most desirable spot, and that the harpiner, in his eagerness, had cast the harpoon instead of striking it; it held however, but the heaving of the sea, and the confusion in backing off to get clear of the fish's tail, had caused the line-coiler to be remiss in his attention to the lines. The whale dragged them out with astonishing

rapidity, running directly in the wind's eye, when, unfortunately, part of a shroud of the coil came forth, and getting entangled in some part of the boat, it was upset in an instant. In this condition it was dragged by the infuriated animal at a great rate, but not very long; for the line broke, and the fish escaped with the harpoon in his body. Four of the unfortunate men in the body of the boat were overwhelmed by it, and were drowned. The harpiner and the boat-steerer being at the extremities, were thrown clear off, and were enabled to get to her again when the line broke. They got upon the keel, where they remained till their shipmates picked them up. The lives of these two men were indeed saved, but they had been so long exposed to cold, that they never recovered perfectly during the remainder of the voyage. In another hour the remaining boat returned, bringing the lifeless bodies of the luckless line-coiler and one of the crew; the other two were never found.

This was but a melancholy mode of beginning our fishery, and I confess I was more awe-struck by this scene, than by any former mishap that had befallen me. Its consequences also were a series of mortification to me. The fact was, that the unfortunate boat was the one to which I was appointed; I had only left her with the others of my companions—being relieved—a short time before the misfortune took place. The next time I appeared on deck, I was called by the spikesneer, who was the officer of the watch, and the following dialogue took place:—

"I say, youngster, want you cast away, coming from Americky?"

"No, not just cast away,—the ship was lost, but we were safe in the boats, and well towards shore before she struck."

"Well, that's much the same thing, I reckon—What the d—l sent you to sea then, after such a go as that there?"

"I had so very strong an inclination long before, that nothing could subdue it, and my uncle was so decidedly set against it, that I do believe his opposition rather strengthened my determination than otherwise?"

"Do you know, I'm mainly afraid you're a scape grace, and that you'll be unlucky to the ship. There couldn't be no good to no one to leave a ship that Besom Bob commands, I'm sartain. By — I half believe they've lost a Jonah, and we've got'n."

"I don't know how that could be. I had no hand in leaving the Circe, I only obeyed orders."

"Ah, that may be, but the black mark was upon you. I've been just a thinking as you belong to my boat, what the poor lads has been lost in this morning. Now, if so be as you be an unlucky un, 'twont be long before we finds it out; and if it turns out so, I'll be — if you sets foot again in a boat with me."

My heart was full at this bitter reflection upon my fortunes, and I could not readily reply to the honest seaman upon this declaration; he perceived, however, that he had hurt me, and good naturedly went on to say:

"Well, P. my lad—you can't help it, you know, if it is not your luck. But you can't blame no one, what wants to save his own bacon. Keep a good heart my lad, many a taught gale has been weathered by keeping the spirits a good luff."

I promised to do so, but felt, nevertheless a depression and misgiving, which, even my own better education could not surmount.

In a day or two more, there was another "fall" called; a fish was struck from one of our boats, and successfully held on. Two others came up with him in succession, and also effected their purpose of fixing harpoons in him. We were in the fourth boat that came up. He was an immense monster, indeed of the largest size, and was just then in the height of his fury; the spikesneer struck him, when down went the fish with the speed of lightning,—his dreadful tail brandished in the air, shaking in agony,—with it he struck the starboard side of our boat. He did not indeed hit any person, but he slivered the boat to splinters on that side, from stem to stern, and laid us all adrift in the water. Fortunately, there were other ships in the vicinity; and as it is a regulation for each ship to help a neighbour to kill a fish, if not otherwise engaged on their own account, we were soon picked up by another boat's crew, which proved to be one belonging to the Circe.

When they found there was no great harm done, the lads of the Circe began to jeer me exceedingly, as they were taking us to our ship.

"Ah, P., you unlucky d—l," cried one, "this is just the sort of situation for you. A pretty ducking you've brought on the boat's crew,—and well it's no worse. — me, if I'd have you in a boat with me, tho' you be a good fellow enough,—But there's no luck in you I'll be sworn."

You may be sure, all this was not thrown away upon my fellow-sufferers, who all attributed their mishap to my being in the boat. In the meantime, the business of killing the whale went on. He died very hard; fighting and flustering to the last, and his death was not accomplished under eleven and twelve hours of time. You are aware that in the Polar seas, there is perpetual daylight during the summer months,—hence there was no time lost in finching this monster of the deep. Accordingly the funeral procession, as we may call it, was seen advancing slowly towards the ship, towing the huge fish by the tail, till they got him alongside; and now commenced the most disagreeable part of this dirty trade.

The fish being laid alongside, is fastened to two powerful tackles, at head and tail, and the harpiners go upon him with large knives in their hands, the blade and handle being together about six feet in

length. They have "spurs" or iron spikes strapped to the soles of their boots, to prevent them from slipping off the side of the fish, and commence the operation of taking all the fat from him. It lies outside, immediately under the skin, and is commonly from ten to eighteen inches thick. By means of a slip which they cut at each end of the animal, they turn him over by degrees, and still keep cutting from the upper surface, until they have cut all round. It is hoisted in meanwhile, in large pieces, by means of the capstan and a crab,—the larger pieces are cut into smaller ones, of somewhat more than a cubic foot each, and are then thrown loose into the hold to be drained of water or any other fluid,—all this takes up a great many hours, and the people are always much fatigued by the time it is ended. But this is not all, for in two or three days, all this fat or "blubber" is thrown upon deck again to be cut into long thin slips, that may be put into the bung-hole of a cask,—this is called "making off," and is the last stowage of the blubber, and the last trouble with it, until at the end of the voyage, it is taken to the boiling house.

It was now no longer a question in the ship, that I was unlucky. My friend, the spikesneer, made a formal remonstrance against me, and declared he would not go out again in the same boat with me. So also said the rest of the boat's crew. I was therefore ordered always to remain with the ship, when a fall was called,—together with the cook, two or three landsmen, and the doctor. By the way you may have observed that the latter functionary has not been mentioned by me, with any particular respect,—and the reason is this. The Greenland ships are allowed particular privileges and bounties by the English government, on account of its being such an excellent nursery for seamen; but one part of their charter consists in their carrying in each vessel, a surgeon rated on their books. Now such a personage not being deemed necessary by the magnates of the trade, except as securing them their immunities, they have generally invested some cobble, or other low person, with the dignified title; but his real occupation on board was to tell jokes to the skipper, cook pancakes for him, serve the mess-bottles on Saturday night, or during the flueching and making off, and lend a hand in trimming the sails when the crew were away upon a fall. Latterly indeed the progress of science has enabled these "learned pundits" to bleed, if necessary, and—to go aloft into the crew's nest.

Great was my mortification at this kind of slight,—but I had a consolation in seeing all that was curious in the region of ice and monsters; the navigation of the ship, particularly was very interesting;—the nicety with which she was steered between huge lumps that threatened destruction to her bows, notwithstanding the ice-knees with which she was guarded without.—The view also from the mast-head was magnificent; sometimes consisting of a number of patches, among which it was necessary to steer carefully, in order to arrive at a spot where a whale was seen blowing; sometimes of an immense floe, by which is meant one complete body of ice of many miles in diameter; and sometimes an ice-field was before us, that is a mass of ice, of which its boundaries could not be traced even from the mast-head.

The fishing went on with tolerable success. And a bear was shot, and sometimes a narwhal or sea unicorn was killed. The latter besides giving very fine fat, yielded a species of ivory, its horn being spiral, pure white, and heavy. Some of the horns were even ten feet long; and it was usual to have them polished and made into bed-posts in Hull. Towards the end of the season, a fish had been struck, and took a great deal of killing; the ship had gradually neared the boats, and at length Captain Bunting ordered the topsails to be clewed down, and jumping into the jolly boat, ordered four of us to follow him, and went to assist in lancing. The whale was by this time so weakened, and so nearly dead, that he alternately sunk a little below the surface of the water, and rose again. We pulled for his side-fin, when just as we were nearing him he sunk again, and before we could back off, rose again immediately beneath us, raising boat and men upon his back, and canting us all into the water. There being no other harm done, it created a hearty laugh all round as they picked us up,—still, however, when they came to me it was "Ah, P. you unlucky dog, what d—l sent you into the boat?" There could be no better luck if you were there." The fish was soon despatched, and having got him in, Captain B. bore up for the southward, intending to proceed on the homeward voyage.

I have omitted to say, that in counting the number of the harpiners in each ship, the master and the mate are each one. But as circumstances may and frequently do arise, which make it improper for both these officers to be absent from the ship at the same time, there is always a person, rated as a boat-steerer, but an aspirant for the office of harpiner, who officiates for either of these principals, and is called the loose harpiner. I mention this, as introductory to the account of my final disaster in the good ship "Hchester," and certainly confirmatory of the impressions received of me.

The accident which I have now to describe, separated me for ever from that vessel;—it was the conductor that led directly to all my future adventures,—it was attended with a catastrophe unfortunate enough to some that were included in it, and seemed to be the winding up of my character on board the Hchester, as an unlucky wight, carrying mischief and misfortune to all who came within the sphere of my action. And here I cannot help pausing, to admire the apparent strangeness of my destiny. I neither do nor ever did believe in luck, yet through a remarkable concurrence

of untoward things sometimes unimportant events, most of which were attended with either mischief or misfortune—seldom such a thing took place, in which I was not included, till at length I became shrunken, shriveled, deformed, either like an evil genius, that haunts and injures wherever he appears, or else a cast-away doomed to destruction, and hurtful to any connexion he may form.

We had arrived into the latitude of about 74 deg. and were despairing of seeing any more fish, when one afternoon a loose fall was called, which signifies that all the boats are to be sent out in any direction they think best, but keeping an eye on each other. This is done upon occasions when many fish are visible and none stationary. Captain Benting being willing, as he said, to give me one more chance (of luffing up out of the eddy,) sent me into the boat with the loose harpiner;—we were not long before we got into a regular chase, now coming up with our game, then left in the lurch by his plunging below and running ahead; but ever leaving a greasy streak by which we could trace his course. Twice we were so near that the loose harpiner cast his instrument,—the first time he missed him—upon the second occasion it struck, but being so far off, it did not hold,—and away the monster started with redoubled speed. Again we pursued in his wake, with an eagerness proportioned to the difficulty, and for the sake of our harpiner who was much esteemed in the ship, and whose character would be much enhanced by his success. Still the fish ran and stopped alternately, chafing our tempers to the extent of our patience, but never giving a fair opportunity to attack him. Unhappily our over-anxiety caused us to forget both the ship and the other boats, and it was not till we were all nearly worn out, and in despair of success, that we began to look about us. Ship or boat there was none to be seen. We were all struck with consternation,—what was to be done?—which way should we pull to fall in with them again? So devious had been our course in the pursuit, that we knew not how the ship ought to bear from us,—we did not even know how long we had been engaged, for having no night, the time of day was deceptive.

We resolved finally to lay on our oars, in the persuasion that we must have been watched from the ship, and that they would drop down to us;—this relieved us for a time; forgoing that the other crews might have been equally intent on their sport, and that she could not pick us all up in different directions. A well in the ship's ensign was the usual signal of recall, but no one had even thought of recall, or of looking at the ship, during the excitement.

After waiting a long time, every minute of which was centupled in our uneasy minds, no ship appeared, but something worse threatened us. A fog began to settle upon the surface of the water, at first thin, but gradually becoming more and more dense. Our state now became perilous. We were on the wide Arctic ocean, without provisions, without shelter, without a guess as to the route we should take; surrounded by the obscurity of a fog, and liable to be run down by any vessel,—even our own, before we could be aware. Bitter were my feelings under these circumstances, for well I knew that if relief did not reach us before long, the weight of their indignation would fall upon me, and I might even be made a sacrifice, to their prejudices, their rage, or even their wants. Silently but fervently did I pray for extrication from this woful predicament. I avoided making myself noticed by word or deed,—but in vain, a superstitious Shetlander, remarked, that P., the unlucky, was in the boat, and therefore it was no wonder we were in danger of perishing. The cry being raised against me, every throat poured forth volleys of abuse upon me, "unlucky lubber,"—"cur,"—"cursed Yankee," fell in torrents upon my devoted head, and I have not a doubt, that the resolution would have been taken to save their lives by ridding the world of a Jonah, if they had not been obliged to employ the horns and their voices, in hailing continually, to prevent being run down, or to make our distresses known. Gradually hunger and thirst were added to fatigue and apprehension. There were two barebacks of fresh water, and a bottle of rum in the boat. The harpiner allowed a little to each, but when I in my turn approached, I was saluted with, "no, infernal dog—die and be —!" I retreated in dismay, for I found not a pitying eye to commiserate my undeserved sufferings. But though they allowed me nothing wherewith to sustain me, they omitted not to make me take my share of the fatigue. I was set to blow the horn, and was reminded that as I had brought the boat's crew into the predicament, the least I could do was to endeavor to get them out of it. I obeyed, though with difficulty, for my strength was nearly gone; but the fear of my own companions, whose savage looks gave power to my lungs, enabled me to blow a few blasts, and shortly after I had commenced, a large dark mass was dimly seen looming through the fog, shapeless in appearance, but close at hand.—Am. Monthly Mag.

Law.—The Road.—We have the following to add to recent similar decisions. The Rome Telegraph reports the case of "Bostwick and wife vs. Champion & Ewers," proprietors of a stage coach, the driver of which, running against a wagon in which Mrs. B. was riding, it was upset, and Mrs. B. seriously injured, "so that she has been ever since confined to her house, a period of two years. Mr. Bostwick had previously recovered a verdict at a former circuit for his own damages, \$800,—and this suit was brought to recover the damages resulting from the personal injury to his wife. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs of eight hundred dollars."

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th, Colonel Abdul Smith, (of the 5th Regt. Smith, Smith, and Fairchild) to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Henry Smith.
On the 6th, the Rev. Frederick W. Chapman, of Stratford, to Miss Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Hill, of Saybrook, Ct.
On the 7th, Erasmus C. Benedict, Esq., to Miss Caroline M. Bloodgood.
On the 5th, Mr. David G. Wyckoff, to Miss Phoebe Eliza, daughter of Mr. Roshen Bonnell.
On the 5th, Mr. Theodore Davenport, to Miss Harriet Grant, daughter of Mr. Robert Chesebrough.
On the 8th, Mr. Jesse Weeks, to Miss Margaret M. Foster.
On the 4th, Mr. James A. Kellogg, to Miss Ann Amelia Dwyer.
On the 5th, Mr. Alexr. Gifford, to Miss Cornelia Ray.
On the 9th, Mr. Wm. Prior, to Miss Eleanor McLaughlin.
On the 10th, Mr. John D. Griffin, to Miss Martha R., youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Woodward.
On the 12th, Mr. David Nettle, to Miss Caroline Reed.
On the 11th, Mr. Chester Griswold, of Uxma, to Mrs. J. F. Sharpe, of this city.
On the 9th, Mr. George A. Mursick, formerly of Boston, to Miss Margaret A. Taylor, of this city.
On the 13th, Mr. Robert Hoagy, to Miss Ellen Maria, daughter of Mr. Abraham Voorhees.
On the 13th, Captain John McGunc, to Miss Mary A. Judson.
On the 13th, Mr. Robert S. N. Anderson, to Miss Sarah Ann Forbes.
On the 13th, Mr. Wm. P. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, to Miss Eliza Bayard, youngest daughter of B. W. Rogers, Esq., of this city.
On the 12th, Mr. Jacob Stamler, to Miss Charlotte Amelia Ryerson.
On the 12th, Mr. William Smith, to Miss Amelia Smith.
At Richmond, on the 8th, Mr. James B. Macanudo, of New York, to Miss Frances, daughter of the Rev. R. C. Moore, Bishop of Virginia.
At Thorold, U.C., on the 30th ult., Mr. Jonathan B. Kidder, of this city, to Miss Caroline, daughter of James Black, Esq., of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 7th, Mrs. Helen Bule, aged 69.
On the 9th, Mrs. Mary Pearsall, aged 27.
On the 6th, Mr. Abraham Bazarus, aged 68.
On the 9th, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, aged 56.
On the 8th, Mr. Robert Matthews, Printer.
On the 8th, Miss Catherine Ryan, step-daughter of Mr. Lewis Fisher, aged 20.
On the 8th, Mrs. Catherine Jacobs, aged 70.
On the 12th, Mr. John S. Greger, aged 42.
On the 13th, Mrs. Catherine, relict of the late Captain Robert Forest, aged 50.
On the 14th, Miss Mary Forman, aged 61.
On the 12th, Mrs. Margaret Chambers.
On the 13th, Mrs. Mary, relict of the late Mr. Moses Arnold, aged 69.
On the 12th, Mr. G. W. Tyler, grandson of the celebrated comedian, aged 29.
At Charleston, on the 27th ult., Mr. James Roberts comedian, late of the Bowery and Philadelphia Theatres aged 35.

CITY HOTEL, HUDSON, N. Y.
(Formerly Bryants.)

ABEL BOUTWELL, having taken the Establishment, begs leave to inform the former Patrons of the house and persons travelling to and from this city, that it is in complete order for the reception of those who may honour him with a call. It is pleasantly situated and in the vicinity of the business part of the city, and he will provide all the variety the market affords, and to those who may patronise him, he assures that neither personal attention nor expense shall be wanting to give satisfaction. This Hotel stands but a short distance from the Steam Boat wharf, carriages on attendance at the arrival of Steam Boats to convey passengers to this house. The Stage Office for Lebanon Springs and Pittsfield is adjoining, and but a few doors from the Post Office.
Hudson, April 1833. cai—3m

FONTINE COFFEE HOUSE, New Haven.—This large, commodious, and pleasantly situated establishment, too well known to require a particular description, continues to be occupied by the subscriber, who takes the occasion of the opening of the season to remind his friends, and travellers generally, that he has made every preparation for their comfort and convenience, and feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favour him with a visit.
W. H. JONES.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.—Mr. Jones has also taken this Hotel, situated in Church Street, near the Post Office, and long celebrated as a public house of the first order. It is kept by Mr. Allis, lately connected with Mr. J. at the Fontine; and for whose qualifications for the duties of the place they are willing to refer to many persons who have tried the accommodations of the House.
The Stage Office where the books of all the public conveyances are to be found are kept in the same building.
The Proprietors assure the public that in both establishments they will find the terms reasonable and the attendance good.

ALBION HOTEL, QUEBEC.

T. PAYNE begs to return his sincere thanks to his patrons, and particularly to the citizens of the United States, for the very liberal encouragement they have been pleased to confer on him during eight years he has conducted business in Quebec. For the accommodation of strangers visiting Quebec, the proprietor of this establishment has been induced, at an expense of several thousand pounds, to improve and enlarge the building to a very considerable extent, so as to insure the most ample accommodations to his visitors, however numerous, during the ensuing season, and he begs to ensure them that his most anxious endeavors shall be exerted to increase the comforts and merit the approbation of all who may visit his establishment.

In enlarging the building, every attention was given in providing a sufficient number of private sitting rooms, and bed rooms attached, in a quiet part of the house, for those who may wish accommodations separate from the general company.

The building has been painted and newly finished throughout.
A large Gallery has been constructed at the bottom of the building, from whence the most extensive and beautiful views of the country, to an extent of nearly one hundred miles, may be commanded, including the harbour, with the arrival and departure of vessels, &c. &c. and forming a most agreeable and amusing promenade.
Quebec, May 1833.

COLONNADE.
ELYSIAN FIELDS,
HOBOKEN.

H. H. DYER informs his Friends and the Public, that the above Establishment is ready for the reception of Company. The Fields and Walks are dressed in their summer verdure; and he respectfully invites all those who wish to enjoy pure air and a pleasant walk, to visit the above place.

The Bar is stocked with a choice selection of Wines, &c. and every possible attention will be paid to the comfort of his visitors.

Ferrage to Hoboken will be reduced on the 5th May to 61 cents. Boats leave the foot of Barclay and Canal streets every 15 minutes.—Hoboken, May 4. ac3m

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

REMEMBER THE MAMMOTH!—On the 25th of the present month, a very brilliant Scheme in the New York Lottery will be drawn: Capitals—\$20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 3,000, and 100 Prizes of \$1,000! Tickets \$10, shares in proportion.

Orders for Tickets in the above noble Scheme, should be addressed to **S. J. SYLVESTER**, who, it is well known, always pays the same attention to orders by mail, as to personal application.

Every Wednesday throughout the year, a Lottery will be drawn in New York. Tickets or Shares can always be obtained, by writing to Sylvester, and forwarding the amount to be invested. SYLVESTER makes a liberal discount when a quantity is taken; and, as hitherto the most wonderful luck has attended application at his office, he begs to remind those who may wish to adventure, that they must not let the present opportunity pass—as, at the close of the present year, Lotteries will cease for ever!

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

*The Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, &c. is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester. This valuable paper is allowed to be the most accurate and useful of its class, and should be in the hands of every merchant, dealer, and mechanic.

SLATE ROOFS

AND
SMOKY CHIMNIES

WARRANTED TO BE MADE TO DRAW.
No Cure, no Pay.—Also, SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted Tight.—Orders will be promptly attended to on application to
THOS. SHERIDAN, Slater, 208 William st.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH.

Between the Sixth Avenue and Washington Square.

THE Proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing Patrons, has, at a very great expense, built a more commodious Bathing House, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively; the former Bathing House is reserved for the use of Ladies only, to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded. He has also added a separate room in front, where he intends keeping a Circulating Library and Reading Room, together with a general assortment of Stationery, &c. No attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "Down Town," while the well-known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury and the health-preserving virtues of the Bath.

Single Tickets, 25 cents; Five Tickets, \$1.00; Eight Tickets, \$1.50; Twelve Tickets, \$2.00; Sixteen Tickets, \$2.50; Forty Tickets, \$5.00; One Hundred Tickets, (viz. 40 Gentlemen, 40 Ladies, and 20 Children) \$10.00.
New York, April 27, 1833. c6m

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.
A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by
BUSSING & Co., 704 William street, (next door to Cohen's, 71.)

TO FARMERS.

THERE is no periodical publication in this State which is entirely or even mainly devoted to the interests of the Agriculturist. It is therefore proposed by the undersigned, to publish at Lexington, Ky.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

And Western Farmer's Intelligencer.
It will contain selections, original essays, and communications, on all subjects connected with the various interests of the Farmers, Gardeners, and Stock-growers, in the West. Items of News, of general interest, will also be briefly recorded in its pages.

A Tarf Register will be kept, and all information relative to the Horse particularly attended to.

The publication will be commenced so soon as it is ascertained that sufficient encouragement will be afforded to pay the cost. "The Ploughman" will be neatly printed on a fine medium sheet, in quarto form, semi-monthly, at \$1.25 a year.

*Persons who procure and become responsible for four Subscribers, shall be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. Any person forwarding \$10 to the Publisher, by mail, on the publication of the first number, shall receive twelve copies for a year.
J. CLARKE.
Lexington, April 4, 1833.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his **PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR**, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Chesebman, M.D. June 6-c6m.

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PREMIUM.—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chamber-street, New-York."

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Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. **JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H.N.Y.** &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York than where it now is, and has been for years past,
No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.